IND

# CAR toons

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER

35c

PETERSEN PUBLISHING COMPANY

ARIN CEE
by MILLAR
YOU MAKIN' IT TO THE LAKES?
YEA! LIKE, ISN'T EVERYONE?
THERE AIN'T A GUY IN THE CLUB THAT AIN'T WORKIN' ON HIS MILL.
LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE ON THE SCENE.
RUMP
RUMP
RUMP
RUMP
I'LL CATCH YOUR ACT AT THE LAKES!
CRAZY!
THOSE DIRTY BUMS! THEY SAID THEY'D BE UP HERE! SO LIKE... WHERE IS YOU?
BONNEVILLE DRY LAKE UTAH
CLOSED
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ARIN?

# CAR 'toons

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER 1962 NUMBER 8

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## CONTENTS

THE TIMELY MACHINE ..... 4
ARIN CEE ..... 8
THE CANE MUTINY ..... 10
ARIN CEE ..... 14
I. WITNESS REPORT ..... 16
ROBIN'S HOODS ..... 20
VITALES AD ..... 24
PRINCE AND THE POPPER ... 26
ARIN CEE ..... 32
THRILLERS ..... 34
ARIN CEE ..... 38
FOTO FUNNIES ..... 40
ARIN CEE ..... 44
DESTRUCTION DERBY ..... 46

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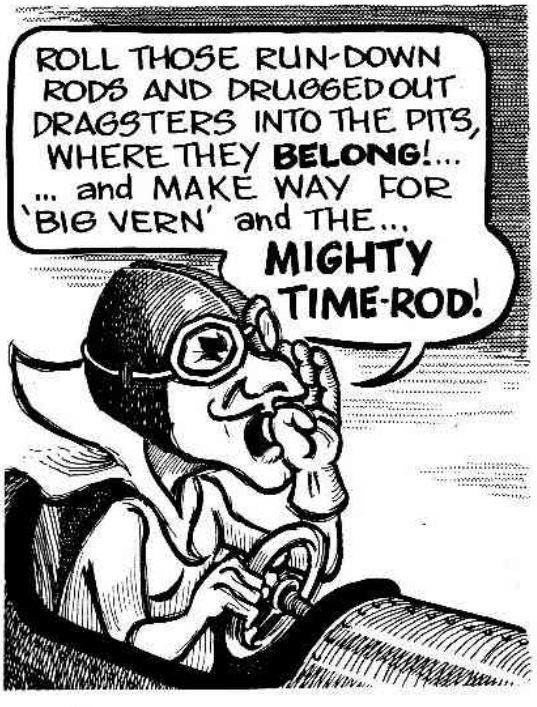
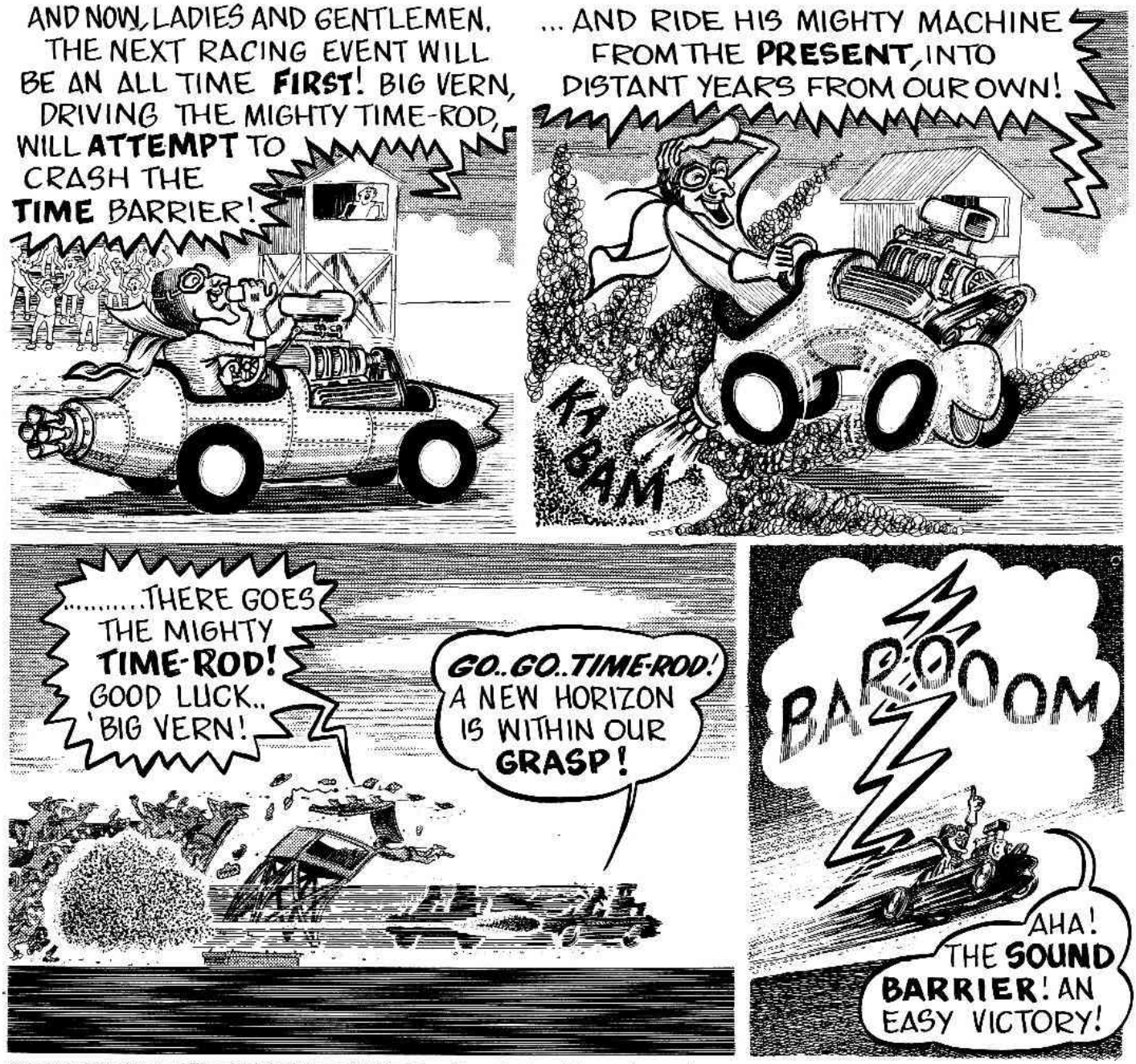
VERN'S JEWEL...

# THE TIMELY MACHINE



MAN HAS ALREADY BROKEN THROUGH THE BARRIER OF SOUND. NOW!..RIDE WITH BIG VERN AS HIS TIME-ROD CRASHES THE... TIME BARRIER




AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE NEXT RACING EVENT WILL BE AN ALL TIME FIRST! BIG VERN, DRIVING THE MIGHTY TIME-ROD, WILL ATTEMPT TO CRASH THE TIME BARRIER!
... AND RIDE HIS MIGHTY MACHINE FROM THE PRESENT, INTO DISTANT YEARS FROM OUR OWN!
VRRRAM
.....THERE GOES THE MIGHTY TIME-ROD! GOOD LUCK.. BIG VERN!
GO..GO..TIME-ROD! A NEW HORIZON IS WITHIN OUR GRASP!
BA-ROOOM
AHA! THE SOUND BARRIER! AN EASY VICTORY!
BA-ROOM
BUT... HARK! ANOTHER SONIC CRASH...
..AND IF IT WAS WHAT I THINK IT WAS....
Back in the stands....
HE..HE DISAPPEARED INTO TIME ITSELF!
NAW-HAW-HA
ZOOM
PSSSST
HE DID IT!
I DID IT!

HOW **COULD** I HAVE EVER DOUBTED MYSELF? **BUT**... WHERE **AM** I?

**HEY!** WHAT'S THAT?

**LOOKOUT**, IDIOT! WHAT IN **BLAZES** IS THAT...

...SLOW MOTION CONTRAPTION?

**FLASHIN' PISTONS!** IF I DIDN'T RUN SMACK DAB INTO THE **PAST!** ....EARLY 1900'S I'D GUESS! **HEY**... MOVE IT, OR **PARK** IT!

THIS **ERA** DOSEN'T MOVE ME AT ALL!

DON'T YOU **DARE** TRY AND DRAG HIM, WILBUR!

PROBABLY, BECAUSE IT **DOESN'T** MOVE! I THINK I'LL BID FAREWELL TO THIS TURTLE'S RACE, AND MOVE OUT SMARTLY!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHERE DID **THAT** DISPLAY OF **EXUBERANT** POWER COME FROM?

GIVE MY REGARDS TO HENRY!

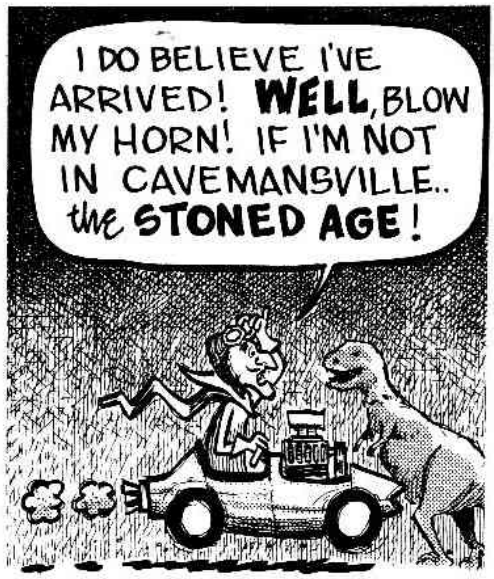
LOOK MARY... A WHITE TORNADO!

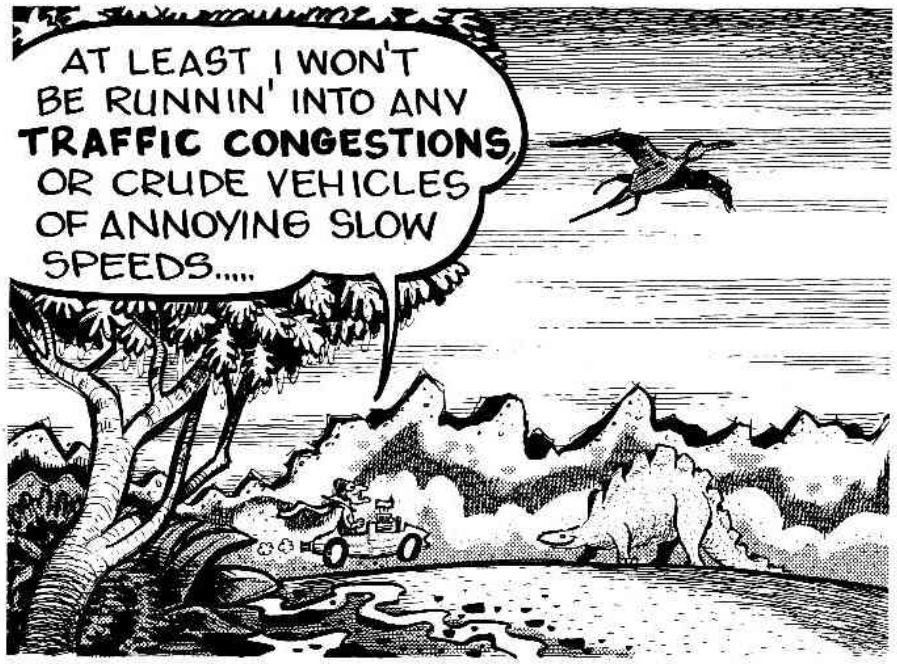
POW

TIME MARCHES ON! AND I'M RIGHT IN STEP. I'M PUTTIN' **MUCHO** DISTANCE BETWEEN 'OLE VERN AND THAT SNAIL PACE! GO! GO!

BA-BOOM BA-BOOM

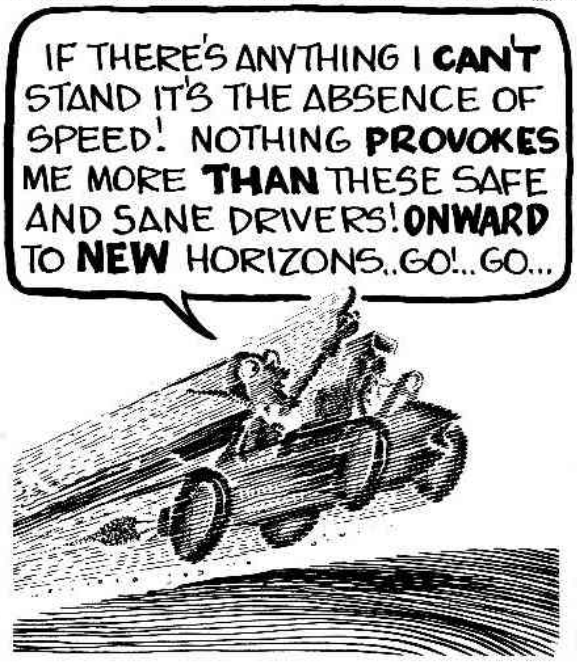
ZOOM

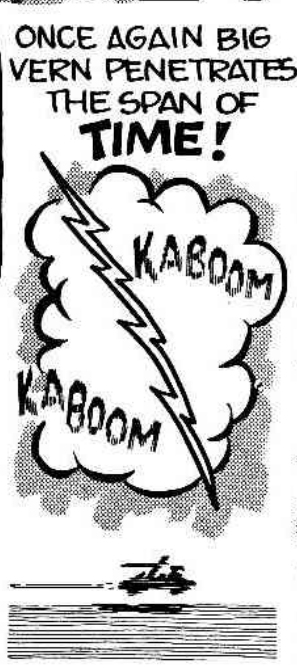

I DO BELIEVE I'VE ARRIVED! WELL, BLOW MY HORN! IF I'M NOT IN CAVEMANSVILLE.. the STONED AGE!


AT LEAST I WON'T BE RUNNIN' INTO ANY TRAFFIC CONGESTIONS, OR CRUDE VEHICLES OF ANNOYING SLOW SPEEDS.....

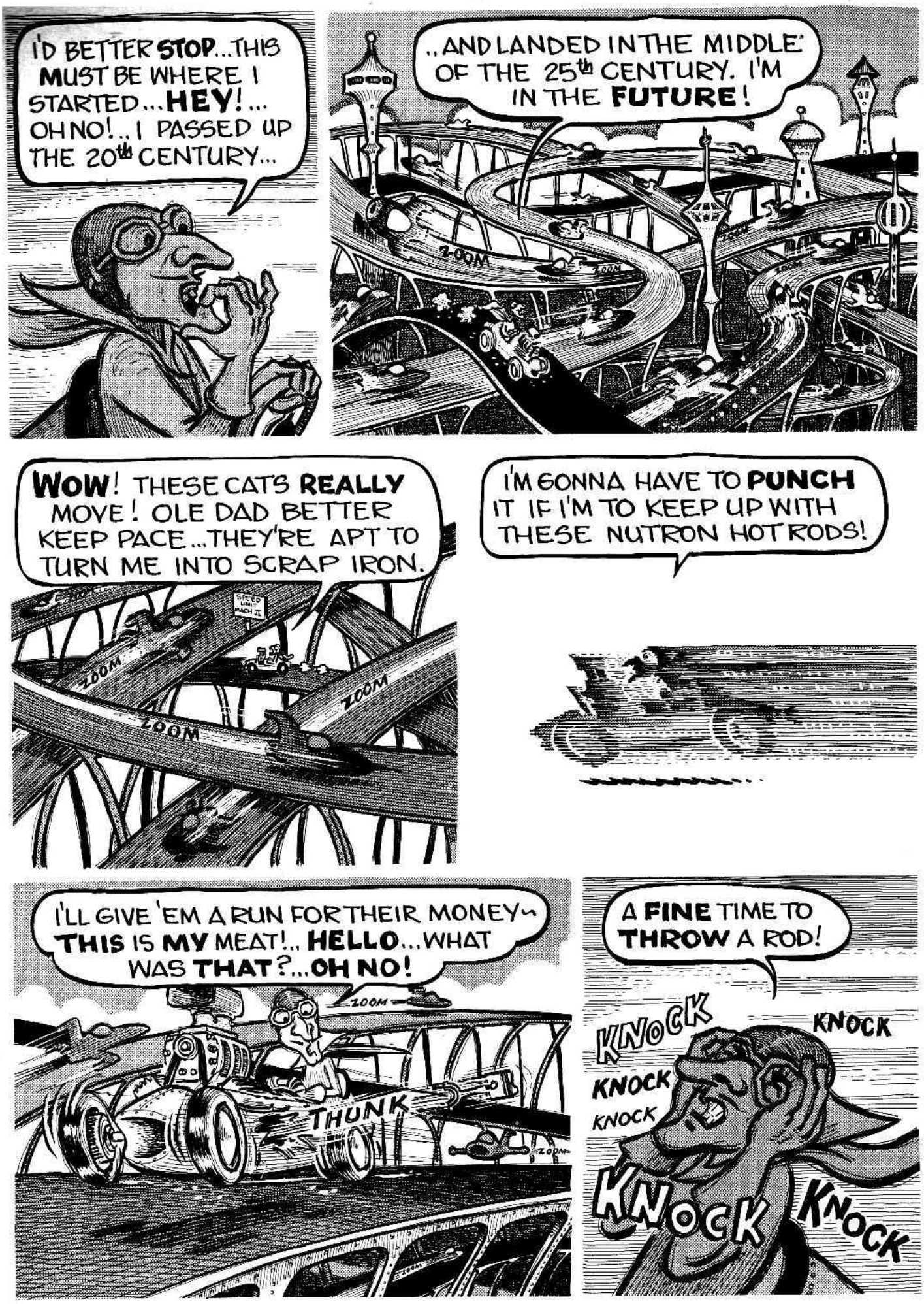
SCREECH
WHAT THE...

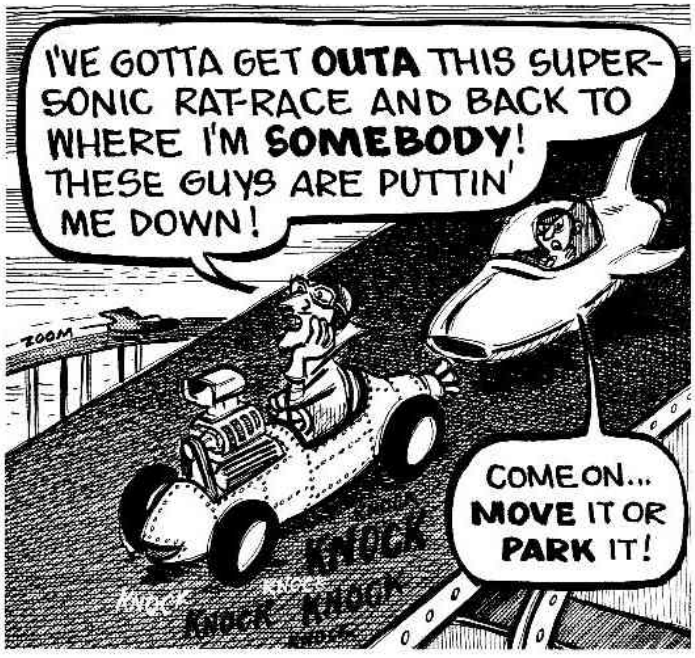
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! YOU... YOU PRIMITIVE PRANKSTERS OF THE CARTOON WORLD!

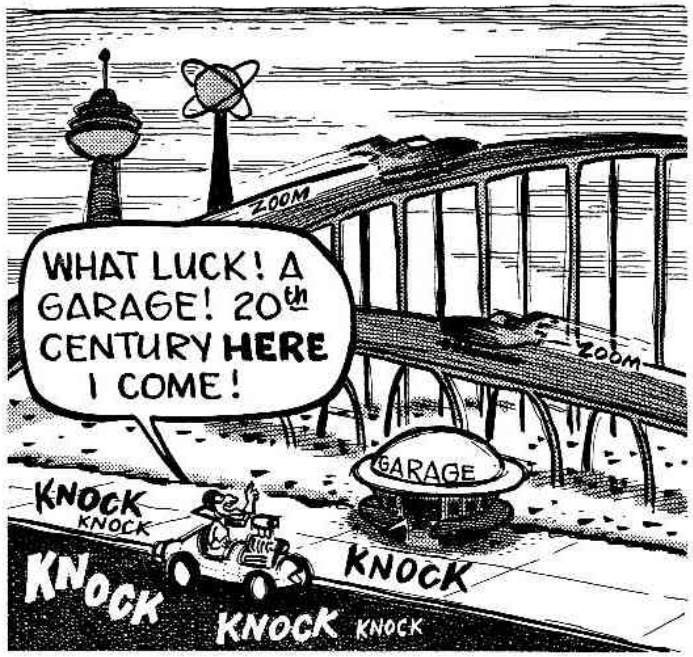

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN'T STAND IT'S THE ABSENCE OF SPEED! NOTHING PROVOKES ME MORE THAN THESE SAFE AND SANE DRIVERS! ONWARD TO NEW HORIZONS..GO!..GO...


ONCE AGAIN BIG VERN PENETRATES THE SPAN OF TIME!
KABOOM
KABOOM

MEANWHILE: back at the stands
HEY...WHAT WAS THAT?
IT'S BIG VERN!
HE'S BACK!
PSSST!
NAW HAW HA


I'D BETTER STOP...THIS MUST BE WHERE I STARTED...HEY!... OH NO!..I PASSED UP THE 20th CENTURY...
..AND LANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 25th CENTURY. I'M IN THE FUTURE!
ZOOM
WOW! THESE CATS REALLY MOVE! OLE DAD BETTER KEEP PACE...THEY'RE APT TO TURN ME INTO SCRAP IRON.
SPEED LIMIT MACH 7!
I'M GONNA HAVE TO PUNCH IT IF I'M TO KEEP UP WITH THESE NUTRON HOT RODS!
I'LL GIVE 'EM A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY~ THIS IS MY MEAT!.. HELLO...WHAT WAS THAT?...OH NO!
THUNK
A FINE TIME TO THROW A ROD!
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

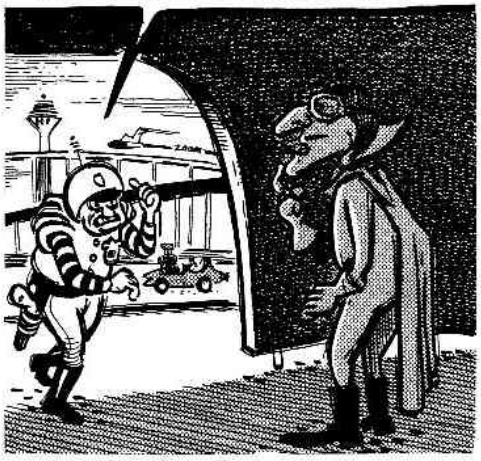


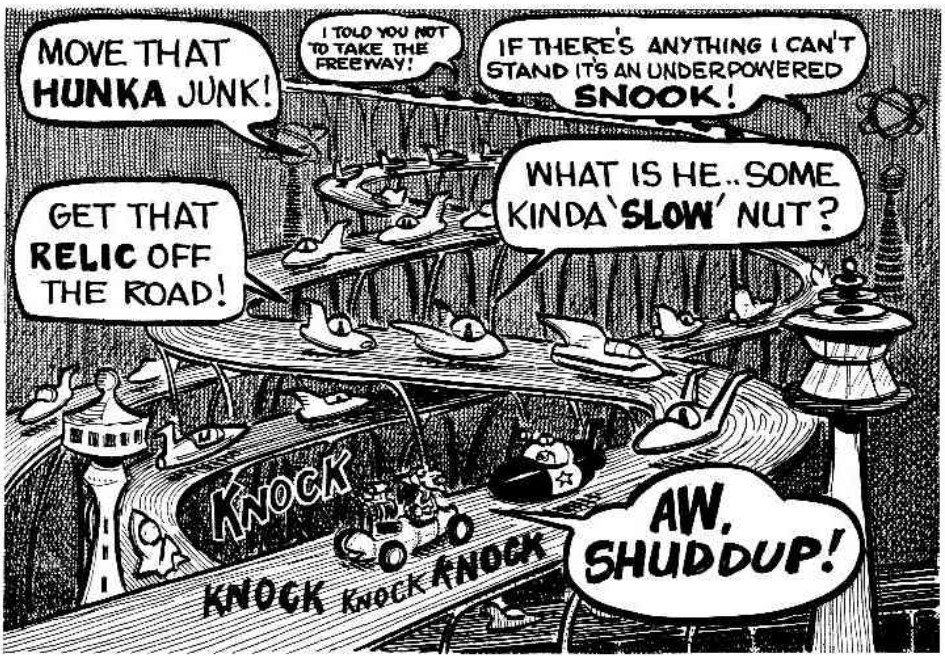

SHORT BLOCK? CONNECTING ROD? SORRY, MAC... BUT **THIS** IS THE ONLY 'POWER' WE CARRY!

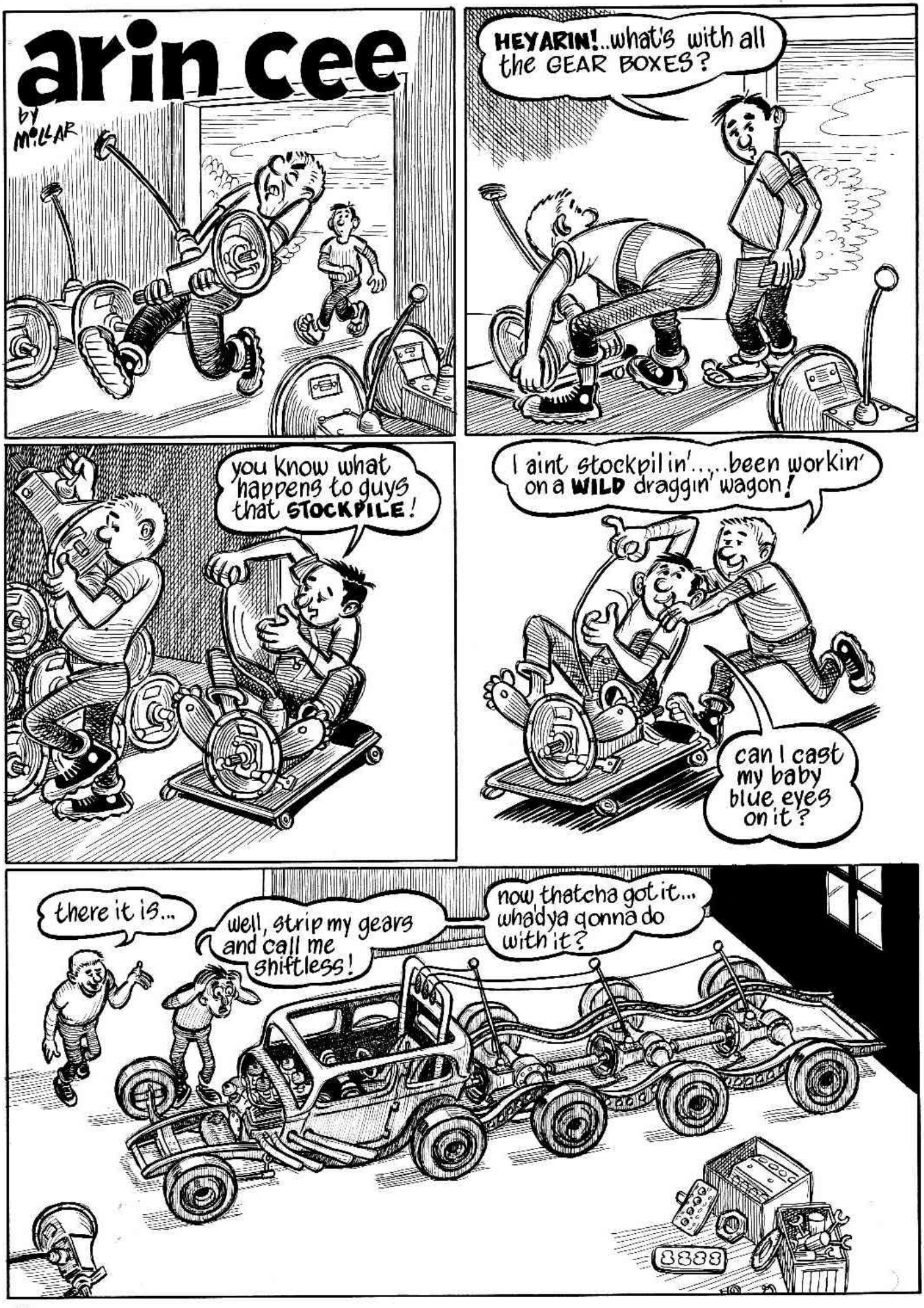
YOU **DONT** SEEM TO DIG ME!... I'VE **GOT** TO GET BACK! I'M A **BIG** MAN WHERE I COME FROM...

HEY, BUDDY.. **THAT** YOUR **RELIC**? YOU'D BETTER MOVE IT OR I'LL GIVE YA A SPACE-TICKET!

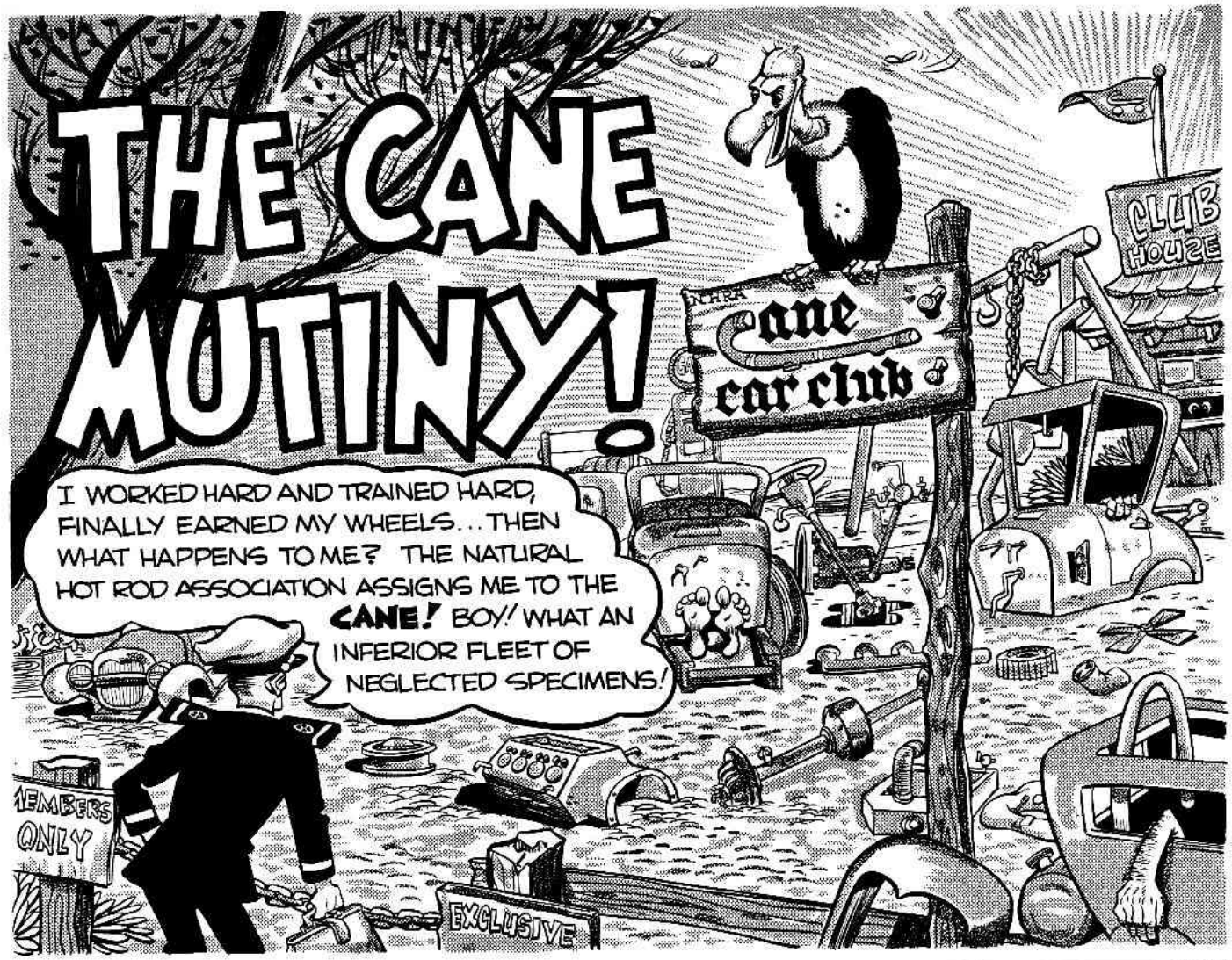


MEANWHILE.....

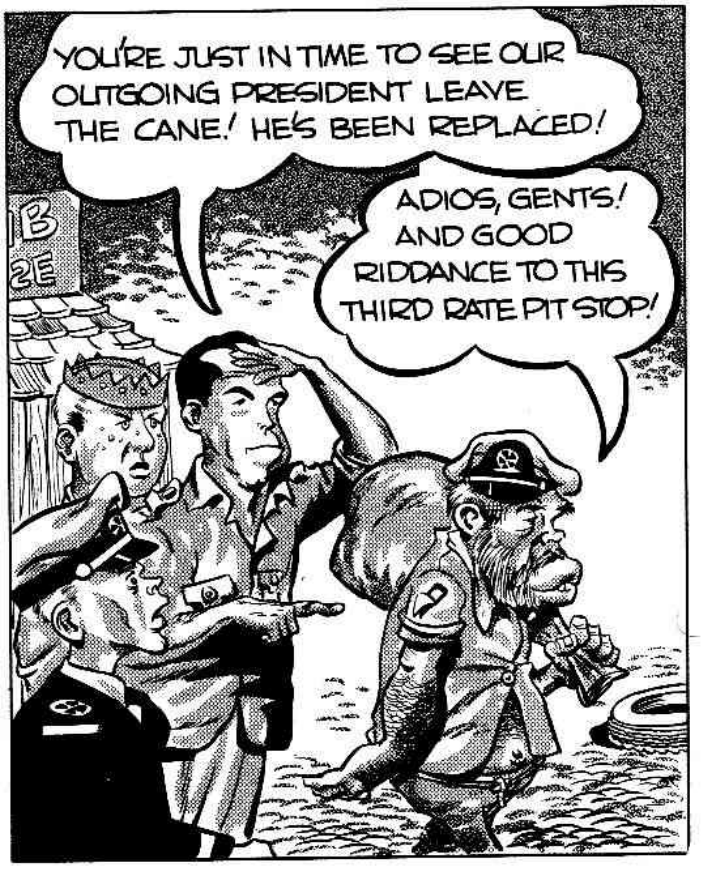



ar in cee
by MILLAR
HEYARIN!..what's with all the GEAR BOXES?
you know what happens to guys that STOCKPILE!
I aint stockpilin'.....been workin' on a WILD draggin' wagon!
can I cast my baby blue eyes on it?
there it is...
well, strip my gears and call me shiftless!
now thatcha got it... whadya gonna do with it?
8888

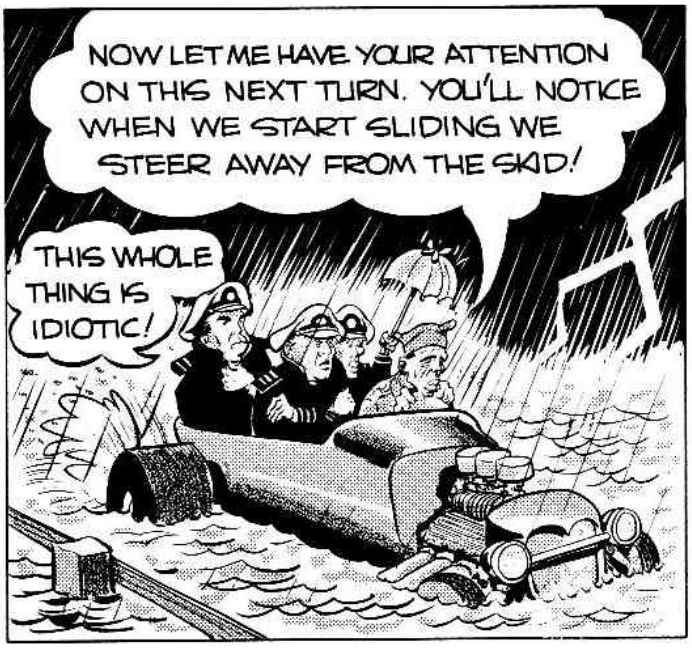
I'm gonna change the whole HOT ROD picture
you're gonna change sumptin alright.... ...but.. like.. WHY?
TRACTION is the Key to a successful dragster... so the MORE traction ..the better dragster.. dig?
I'm hip... but how does it work?
THE END
these levers RELEASE the tranges, one-by-one, when I reach a certain RPM ...better yet.. I'll SHOW you..
WAMP
CLUNK
CHURP
CHURP
CHURP
CHURP
Stage one.. 4-3-2-1 FIRE!
Stage two.. 4-3-2-1 FIRE!
POP
CHURP
CHURP
Stage three.. 4-3-2-1 FIRE!
Stage four.....
Just goes to show ya... ANYTHING can happen in CAR'toons!
POP
CHURP
CHURP


THE CANE MUTINY!
I WORKED HARD AND TRAINED HARD, FINALLY EARNED MY WHEELS... THEN WHAT HAPPENS TO ME? THE NATURAL HOT ROD ASSOCIATION ASSIGNS ME TO THE CANE! BOY! WHAT AN INFERIOR FLEET OF NEGLECTED SPECIMENS!
NHRA cane car club
CLUB HOUSE
MEMBERS ONLY
EXCLUSIVE

ENSIGN SMITH REPORTING FOR DUTY!
OH YES, TH' COLLEGE BOY! MY NAME'S WINDYAN' THIS IS STEVE, OUR VICE-PRESIDENT. WELCOME TO TH' CANE!... THE AUTOMOTIVE ATROCITY OF TH' CAR CLUBS!


YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE OUR OUTGOING PRESIDENT LEAVE THE CANE! HE'S BEEN REPLACED!
ADIOS, GENTS! AND GOOD RIDDANCE TO THIS THIRD RATE PIT STOP!

WHO'S THAT?
MUST BE OUR NEW PRESIDENT! WONDER WHAT KIND OF A JERK THE ASSOCIATION SENT OUT THIS TIME?
LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME, GENTS. TH' NAME'S QUEEG. I RUN A TIGHT CLUB, SO LET'S START BY TUCKING THOSE SHIRT TAILS IN... AN' GET YOUR CLUB CAPS ON... I KID YOU NOT!
CLICK CLICK
I WANT A MAINTENANCE CHECK OF ALL VEHICLES WITHIN TH' HOUR... AN' THEY HAD BETTER BE STANDING TALL, AN' THAT INCLUDES TH' DRIVERS!
CLICK CLICK
I TELL YOU, THAT GUY HAS ALL THE SYMPTONS OF WHAT PSYCHOLOGISTS CALL "FLIPTO LIDO"!
...AND ACCORDING TO OUR CODE BOOK, STEVE... WHEN TH' PRESIDENT GETS OUT OF LINE, TH' VICE-PRESIDENT CAN TAKE OVER!
THAT'S MUTINOUS TALK, FELLA!
MONTHS PASSED AND QUEEG'S QUEER QUIRKS CONTINUED, UNTIL MANY OF THE MEMBERS QUESTIONED HIS JUDGEMENT.
YOU'RE ON REPORT, SMITH... I KID YOU NOT! THAT DOILY'S CROOKED!
CLICK CLICK

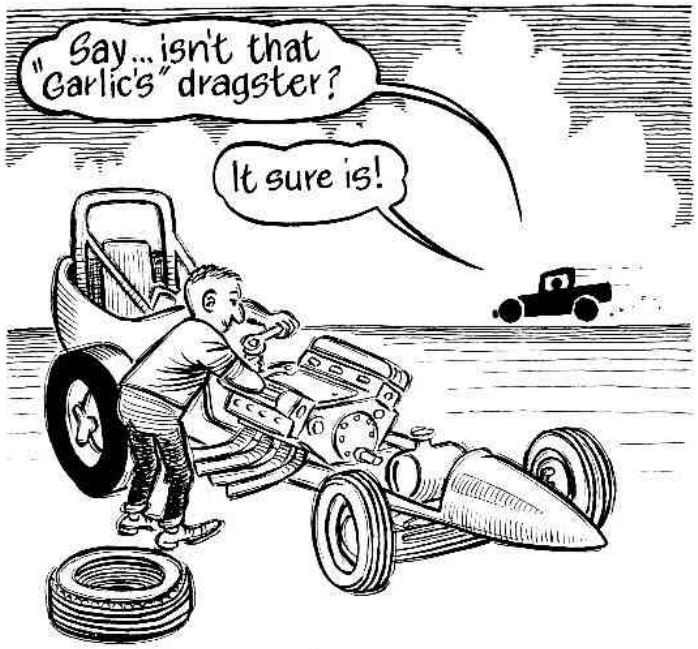


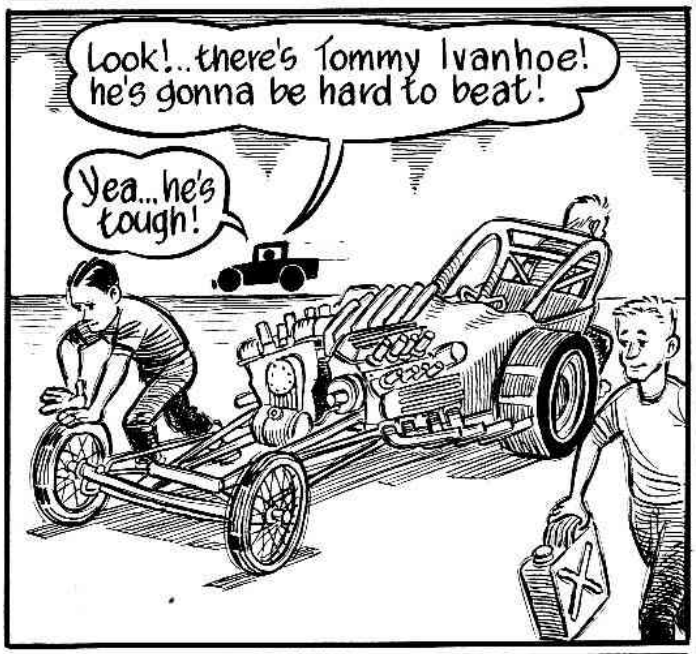
QUEEG QUICKLY SQUEALS TO THE **N.H.R.A.** REGARDING THE MUTINOUS INCIDENT... AND A COURT HEARING IS IMMEDIATELY SET.

SUPPOSE YOU TELL TH' BOARD ABOUT ALL TH' DEALS THAT QUEEG PULLED!
WHY, I THINK THAT QUEEG DID AN OUTSTANDING JOB AS PRESIDENT OF TH' CANE CAR CLUB... AN' MY THREE SONS WILL BACK ME UP!
WHAT! WHY YOU CRINGING COWARD!! TELL 'EM ABOUT TH' DOILIES... TH' EXTRA DUTY WE ALL HAD TO STAND WHEN HE FOUND LINT ON TH' HUBCAPS!
... AN' TELL 'EM ABOUT TH' IGNITION KEYS... AN' TH' STRAWBERRIES HE ACCUSED US OF STEALING... AN' THOSE BALL-BEARINGS...
YEAH! WHAT ABOUT THOSE BALL-BEARINGS YOU'RE ALWAYS CLICKING?
MAN! THESE AIN'T BALL-BEARINGS! THEY'RE DICE! I'VE BEEN ITCHING FOR A GOOD CRAP GAME FOR MONTHS!
DICE!
SPEAK TO ME, BABY! DADDY'S HOT TONIGHT!
MOORE

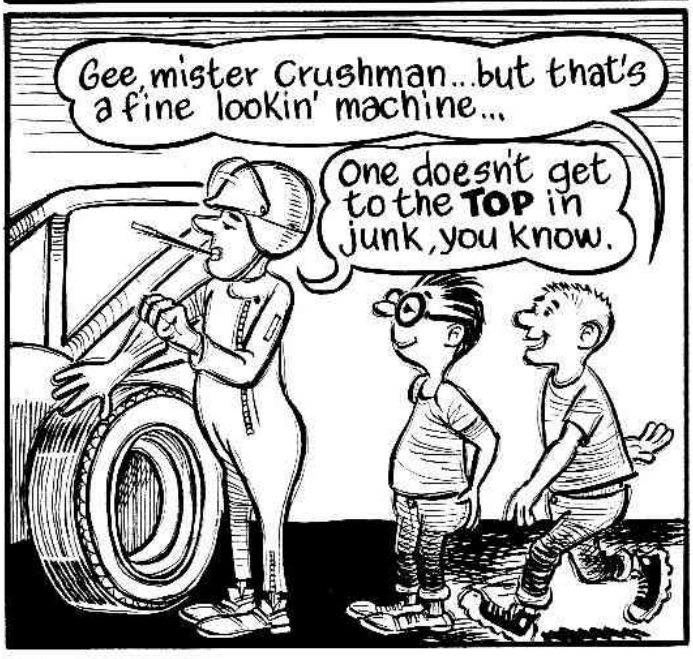
# arincee

great day for drags..
Yea, all the HOT DOGS are here!
by MOLAR

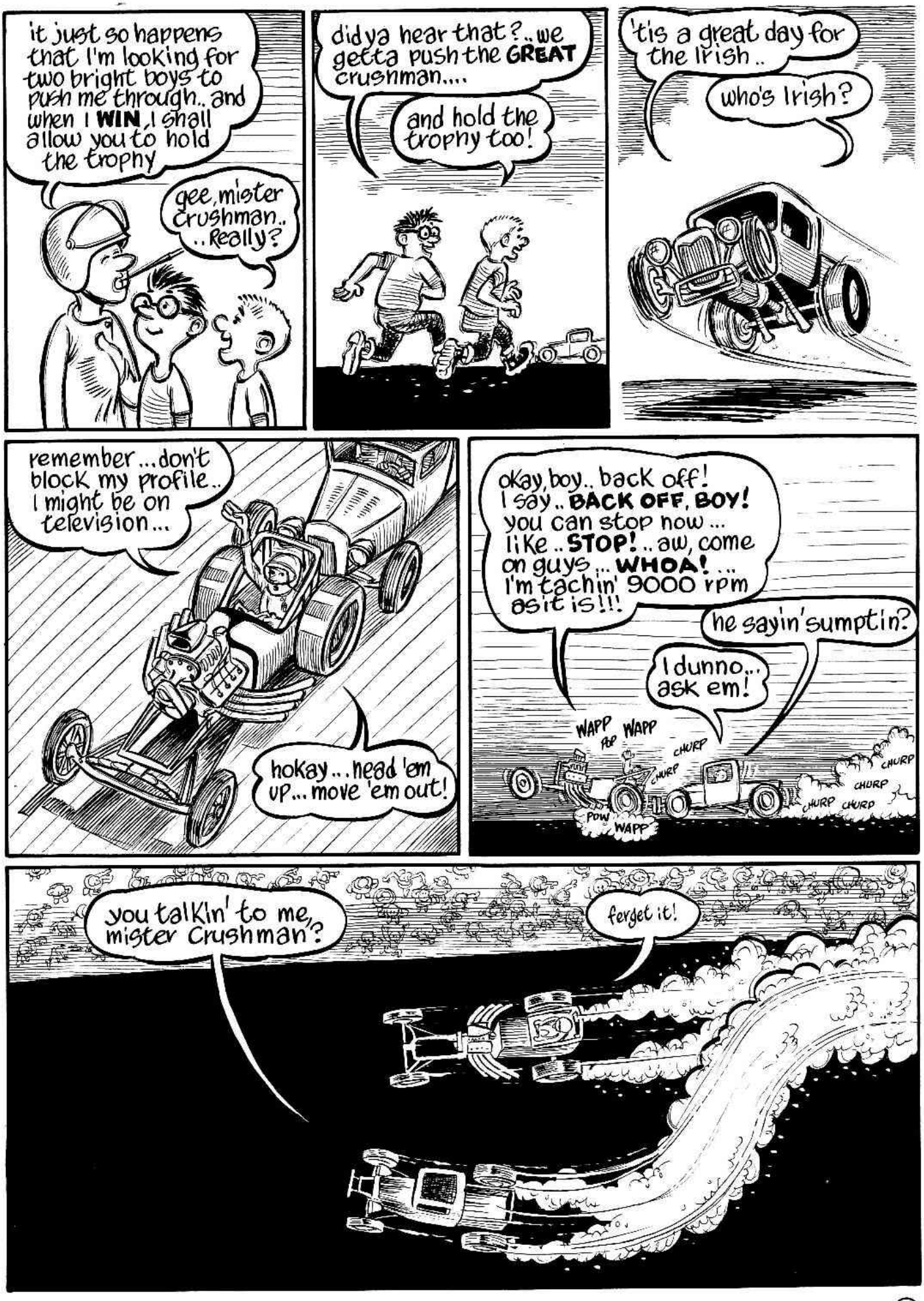

Say... isn't that "Garlic's" dragster?
It sure is!

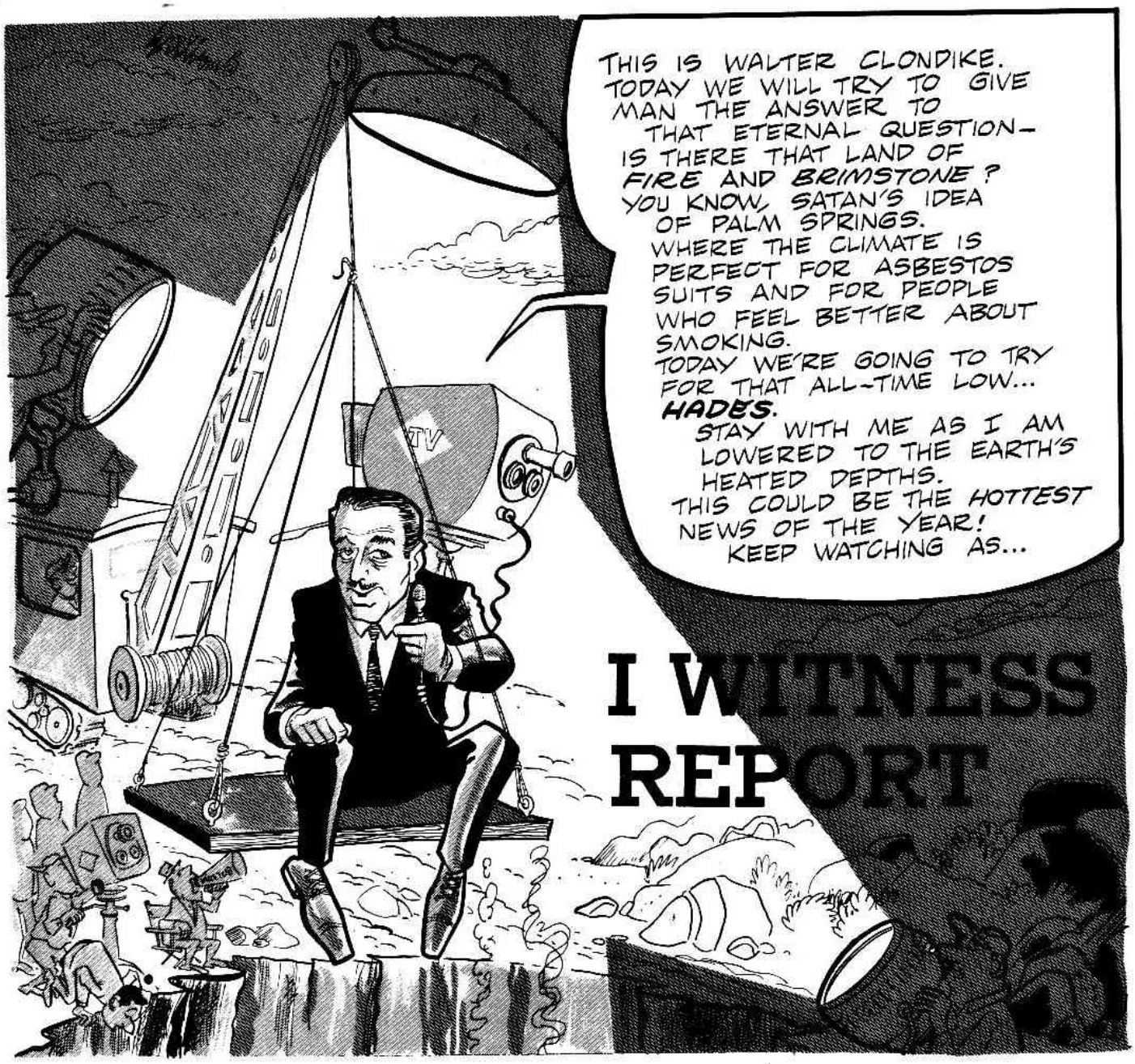

Look!.. there's Tommy Ivanhoe! he's gonna be hard to beat!
Yea... he's tough!

I see Crushman & Cannon-ball brought the "little car"
Let's watch!


Gee, mister Crushman... but that's a fine lookin' machine...
One doesn't get to the TOP in junk, you know.

It must cost a lotta money...
I wouldn't know... you'll have to ask Cannon-ball....


it just so happens that I'm looking for two bright boys to push me through.. and when I WIN, I shall allow you to hold the trophy
gee, mister Crushman.. ..Really?
did ya hear that?.. we getta push the GREAT Crushman....
and hold the trophy too!
'tis a great day for the Irish..
who's Irish?
remember...don't block my profile.. I might be on television...
hokay...head 'em up... move 'em out!
okay, boy.. back off! I say.. BACK OFF, BOY! you can stop now... like.. STOP!.. aw, come on guys... WHOA!... I'm tachin' 9000 rpm as it is!!!
he sayin' sumptin?
I dunno... ask em!
WAPP
POP
WAPP
CHURP
CHURP
CHURP
CHURP
CHURP
CHURP
POW
WAPP
you talkin' to me, mister Crushman?
ferget it!

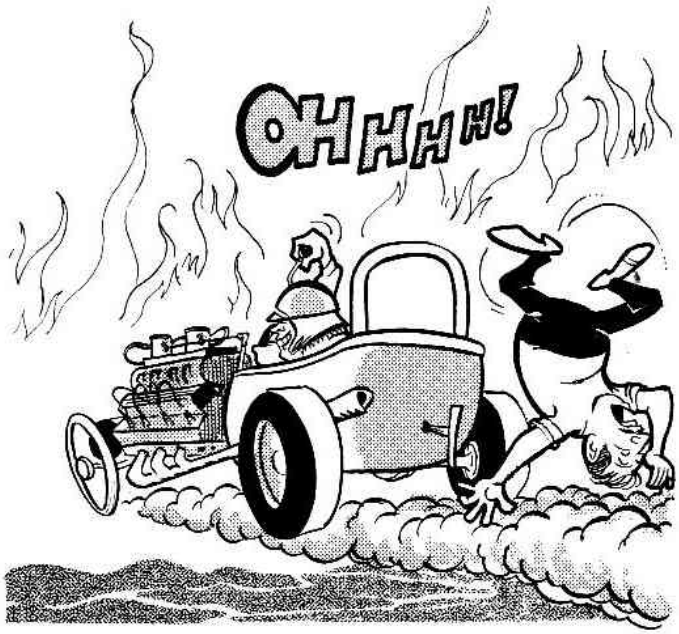

THIS IS WALTER CLONDIKE. TODAY WE WILL TRY TO GIVE MAN THE ANSWER TO THAT ETERNAL QUESTION— IS THERE THAT LAND OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE? YOU KNOW, SATAN'S IDEA OF PALM SPRINGS. WHERE THE CLIMATE IS PERFECT FOR ASBESTOS SUITS AND FOR PEOPLE WHO FEEL BETTER ABOUT SMOKING. TODAY WE'RE GOING TO TRY FOR THAT ALL-TIME LOW... HADES. STAY WITH ME AS I AM LOWERED TO THE EARTH'S HEATED DEPTHS. THIS COULD BE THE HOTTEST NEWS OF THE YEAR! KEEP WATCHING AS...
TV
I WITNESS REPORT

MUCH LATER
I'VE BEEN DESCENDING THROUGH THIS FURNACE OF HEAT AND SMOKE FOR HOURS NOW, AND SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE CENTER OF EARTH.

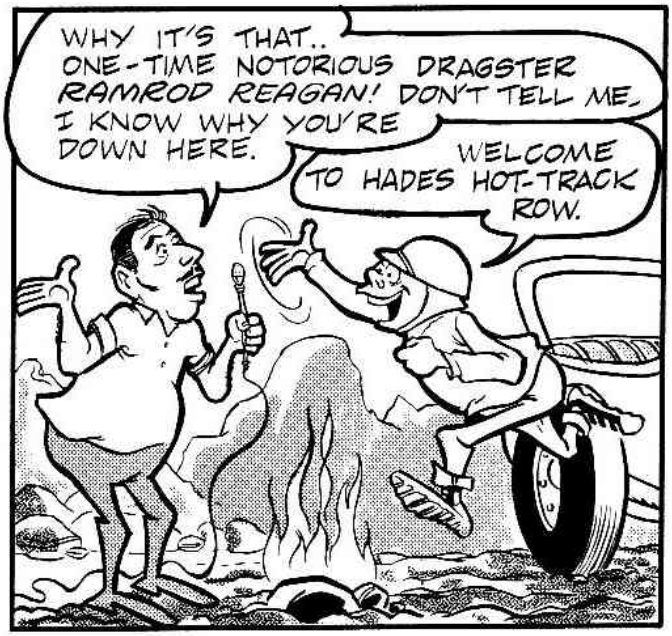
WAIT A MINUTE, FOLKS! I THINK I HAVE REACHED WHAT LOOKS LIKE... BOTTOM!

IT IS BOTTOM! OWWW!
I'M ALL RIGHT, FOLKS... IT JUST SMARTS A LITTLE!

WELL, I'LL BE.. DAA.. NO!
I MEAN IT DOES EXIST.... HADES!
IT'S A REGULAR... DEVILS DIZZYLAND!


OHHHH!

WHY IT'S WALTER KLONDIKE! IMAGINE RUNNING INTO YOU DOWN HERE!
WHAT HIT ME?
13


WHY IT'S THAT.. ONE-TIME NOTORIOUS DRAGSTER RAMROD REAGAN! DON'T TELL ME, I KNOW WHY YOU'RE DOWN HERE.
WELCOME TO HADES HOT-TRACK ROW.

IF YOU REMEMBER, LAST SPRING, FOLKS, RAMROD'S UNFAIR TACTICS ON THE RACE TRACK, BACK-FIRED AND CAUSED HIS OWN ILL FATE. BRINGING AN END TO HIS INFAMOUS CAREER.
Dante's Inferno

ON THE DRAGSTRIP RAMROD WAS KNOWN FOR HIS FOUL PLAY. WINNING AT ANY COST WAS HIS ONLY THOUGHT. HE WOULD THROW EVERY CONNIVING TRICK HE KNEW AT HIS OPPONENTS, NO MATTER HOW HEARTLESS.

SIDE-SWIPIN', RAMMING AND LOCKING WHEELS, ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE RECKLESS STUNTS HE USED.

... THE RACE TRACK RAMPAGE CONTINUED, UNTIL...

... FINALLY, HIS ASININE ESCAPADES OF TRACK TREACHERY, EARNED HIM THE REPUTATION OF HOT-ROD'S RAMMING RAT!

TELL US, RAMROD, WHAT DO THEY MAKE A VILLAINOUS DRIVER LIKE YOURSELF DO DOWN HERE ON HOT-TRACK-ROW, TO PAY FOR YOUR RUTHLESS LIFE?

THEY MAKE IT PLENTY HOT FOR US... FOR INSTANCE...

...WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR NUMBER CALLED YOU BETTER GET THE LEAD OUT!

NUMBER THIRTEEN... BEGIN THE OBSTACLE COURSE!

THE OBSTACLE COURSE IS MADE UP OF EVERYTHING THAT'S A RODDER'S NIGHTMARE!

WHERE'S THE FIRE?

IS HE KIDDING?

RADAR ZONE

PD

15 MPH LIMIT

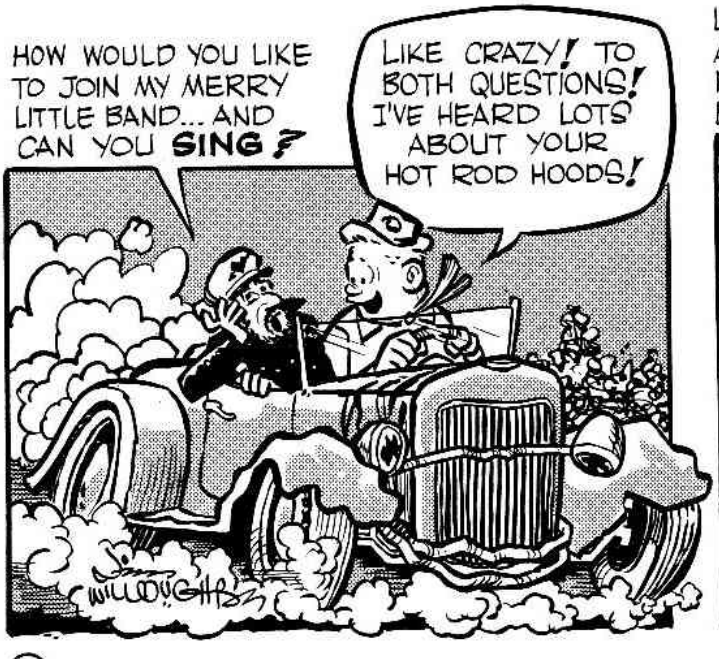
... FANTASTIC THINGS OCCUR THAT BUILD UP FRUSTRATION AND ANGER.

WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, SONNY? WE'VE GOT A WHOLE ETERNITY!

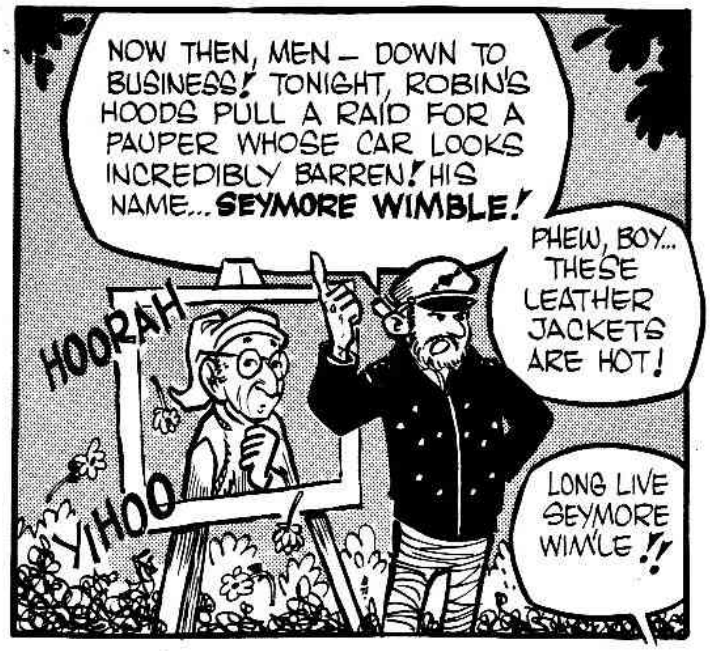
RESUME SPEED

YOUR THIRST BECOMES UNBEARABLE... DOWN HERE YOU DON'T BURN-UP THE TRACK—IT BURNS YOU UP.
I TELL YOU, WALT, I JUST CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE.
13
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, RAMROD, AND YOU MADE A MESS OUT OF THINGS!
NUMBER THIRTEEN BEGIN THE OBSTACLE COURSE.
THEY'RE CALLING YOU, RAMROD... HEY! RAMROD! WHERE'D HE GO?
QUIT STALLING, NUMBER THIRTEEN, AND GET GOING!
13
WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY, AND I THOUGHT I ONLY HAD A ONE-WAY TICKET TO THIS FIRE-TRAP.
BUT I'M NOT NUMBER THIRTEEN, I TELL YOU I'M WALTER CLONDIKE!!
OH, SURE! AND I'M NORMAN VINCENT PEAL!
13
TIME TO SIGN OFF, FOLKS, AND BE SURE AND CATCH NEXT WEEK'S SHOW, WHEN, I WITNESS, REPORT, IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THAT NOTORIOUS DRAGSTER... RAMROD REAGAN!!

# Robin's Hoods



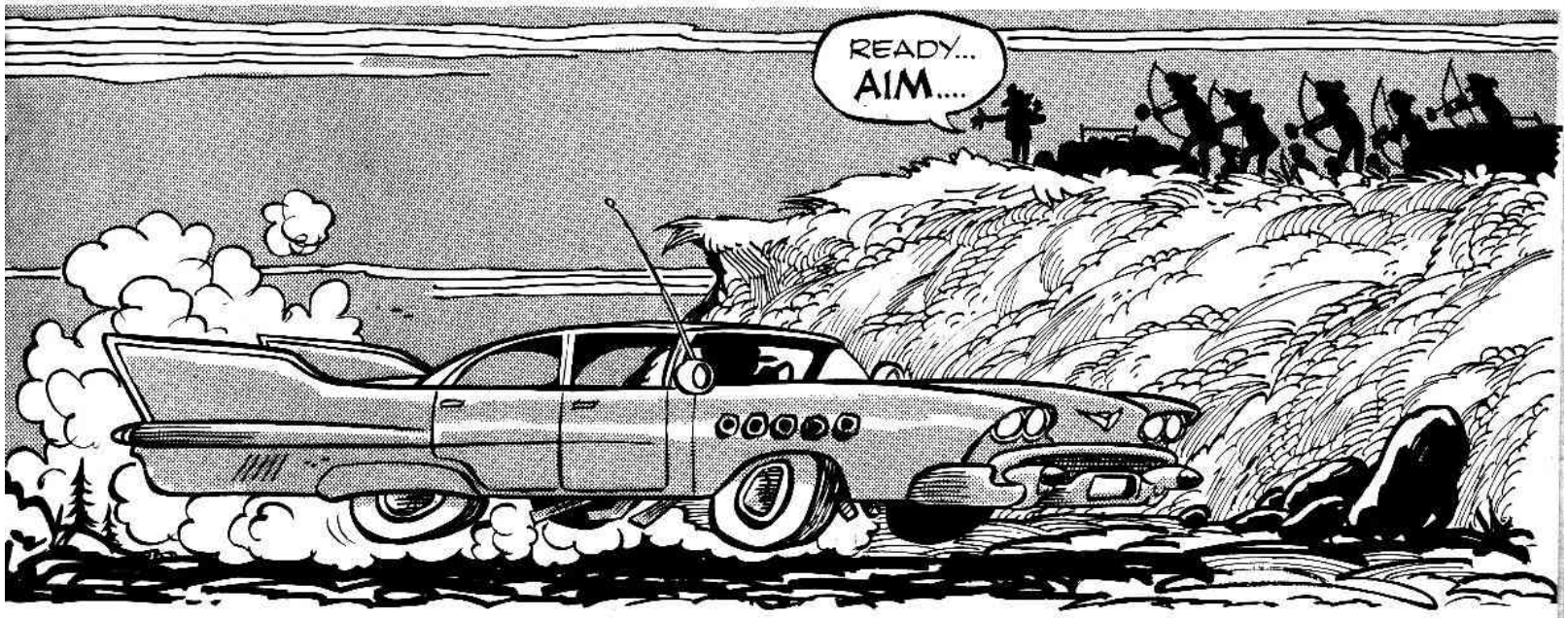

LITTLE JOHN MEETS ROBIN'S HOODS AND IS CHEERILY ACCEPTED INTO THEIR MOTLEY GROUP! A SONG FEST IS IN ORDER, TO WHICH LITTLE JOHN BRINGS FINE FORM... CONSIDERING THE ACOUSTICS!


NOW THEN, MEN – DOWN TO BUSINESS! TONIGHT, ROBIN'S HOODS PULL A RAID FOR A PAUPER WHOSE CAR LOOKS INCREDIBLY BARREN! HIS NAME... SEYMORE WIMBLE!
HOORAH
YIHOO
PHEW, BOY... THESE LEATHER JACKETS ARE HOT!
LONG LIVE SEYMORE WIMBLE!!

THE GOODIES WILL BE BY COURTESY OF GILFORD GOLDGULCH, GANGLAND'S SINFUL SYNDICATE BOSS, AND WHO DRIVES THIS LUSCIOUS, LOADED CADDY!
EASY, MEN, EASY!
KLUNK
BOOO

SO READY YOUR TRUSTY WEAPONS, ALL! THIS NIGHT WE RIDE OUT TO TEAR DOWN A TYCOON'S TAXI TO BUILD UP A PAUPER'S SHABBY CHEVIE!
REAL WEAPONS?!

NIGHT FALLS AS WE FIND ROBIN'S NOBLE KNIGHTS MOUNTED AND IN POSITION TO WREAK HAVOC UPON THEIR UNSUSPECTING BAD-GUY, PREY!
MAKE HASTE TO YOUR BATTLE STATIONS, ARCHERS! YON COMETH GOLDGULCH!


READY... AIM....

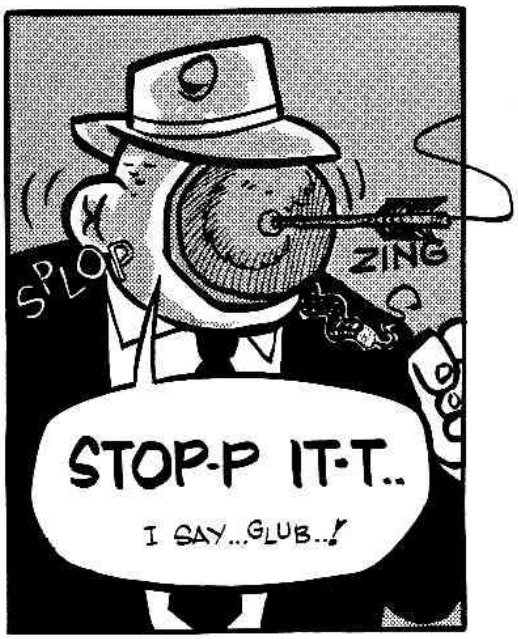
FIRE!

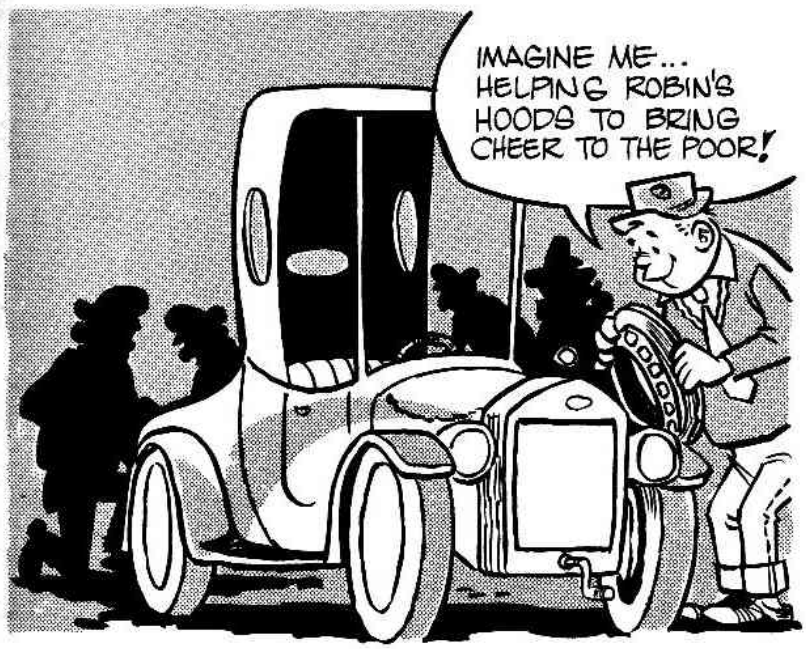
WHA'S HAPPENING...A HAIL OF ARROWS! I MUST A' GOTTEN ON A INDIAN REZAVASHUN!
ZIP

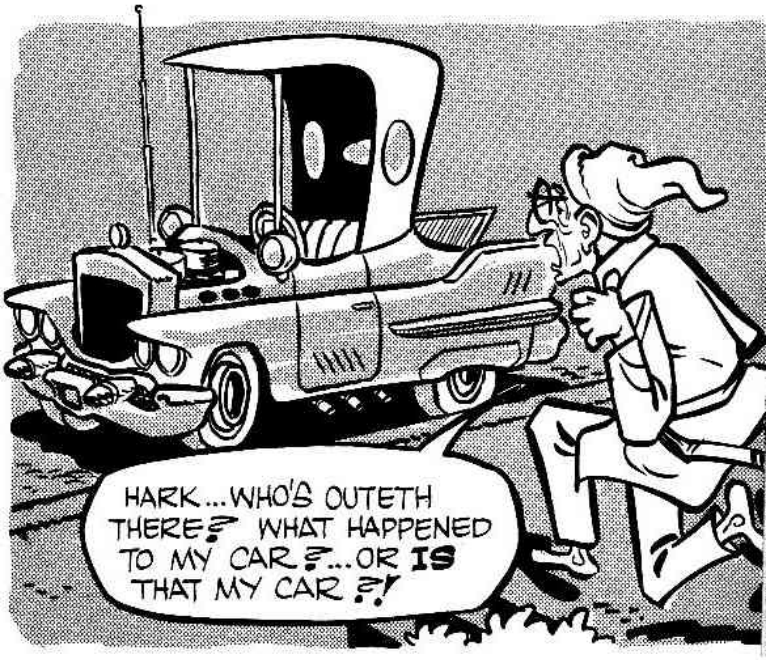
WHY, THEY'RE TAKING MY CAR APART! IT MUST BE THAT DISREPUTABLE ROBIN HOOD GANG!

WHAT A CATCH! WAIT 'TIL SEYMORE WIMBLE DIGS THIS LOOT ON HIS DECREPIT CRATE!

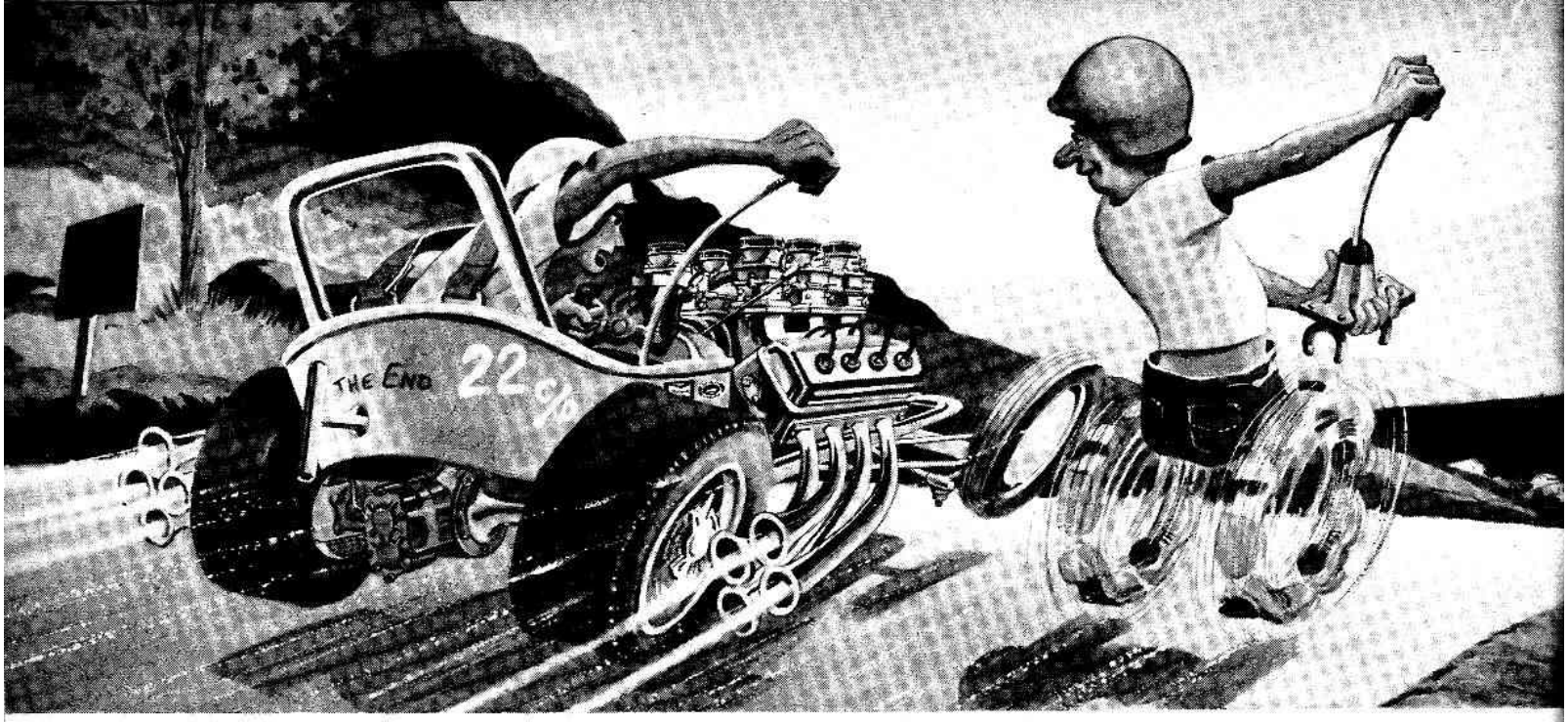
HALT, YOU SCAVENGING SCOUNDRELS! ZOUNDS! I CAN JUST SEE MYSELF EXPLAINING *THIS* TO THE LOVIN' INSURANCE COMPANY!

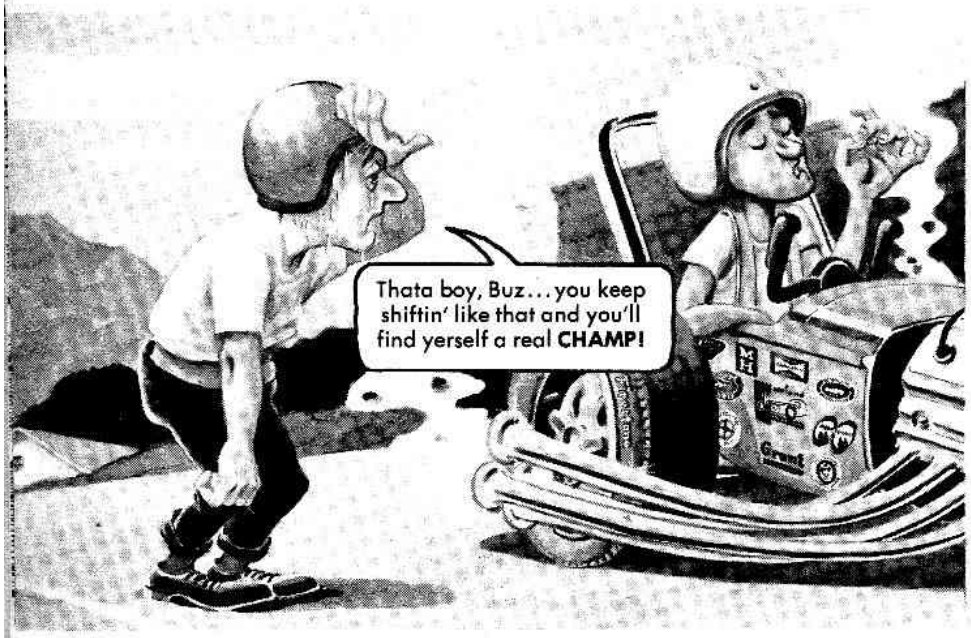

S'LOP
ZING
STOP-P IT-T..
I SAY...GLUB..!



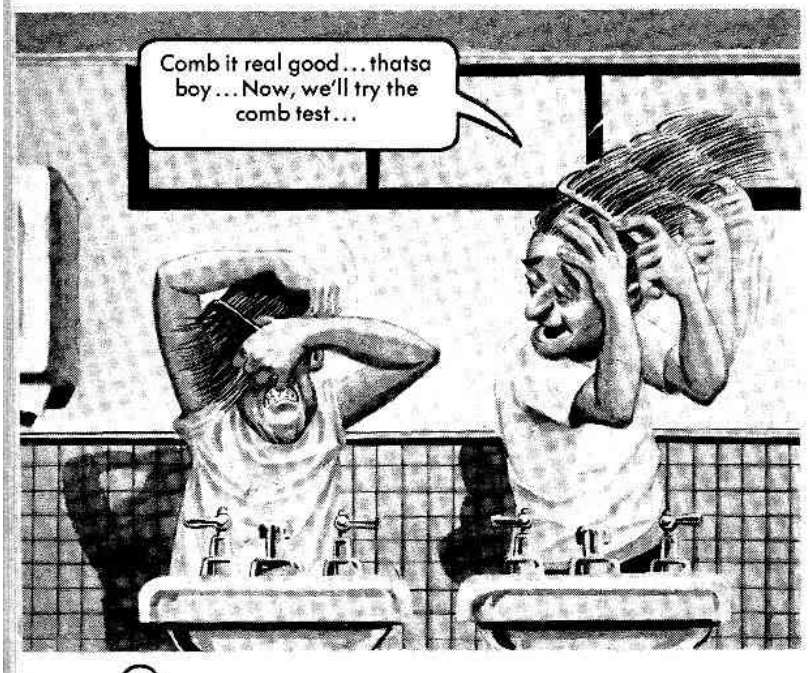




MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE WEED PATCH...


THE END
22 c/o


Thata boy, Buz... you keep shiftin' like that and you'll find yerself a real **CHAMP!**

Come on, let's get cleaned up.

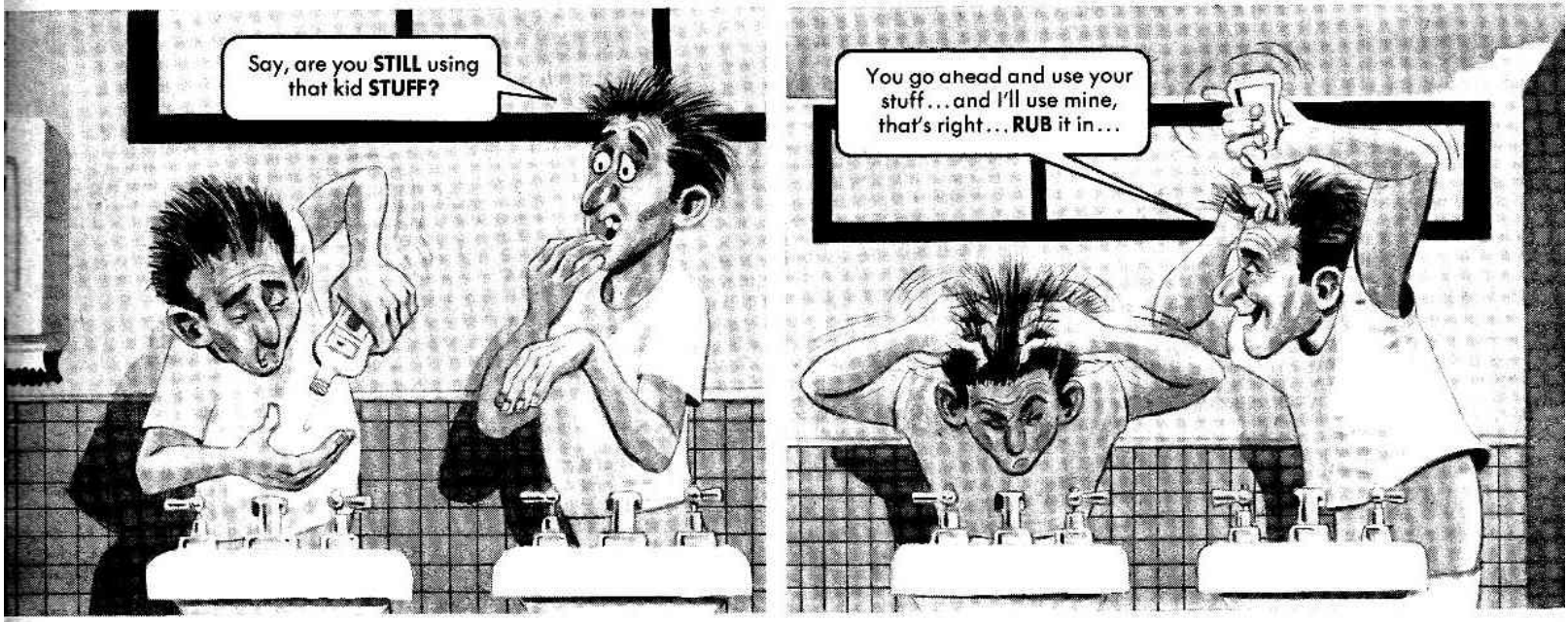

Comb it real good... thatsa boy... Now, we'll try the comb test...

Now, let's compare combs... lookit the difference...
I'm hip!... but what's **THIS** comb jazz got to do with **HOT RODDING?**

# VI-TAL-ES

## "HAIR OIL FOR MEN THAT USE THEIR HEADS"

**Mickey Mouse Tommsunn, NATIONAL HOT ROD RECORD HOLDER, shows Buz McSaww a few pointers on the fine art of.....QUICK SHIFTING!**



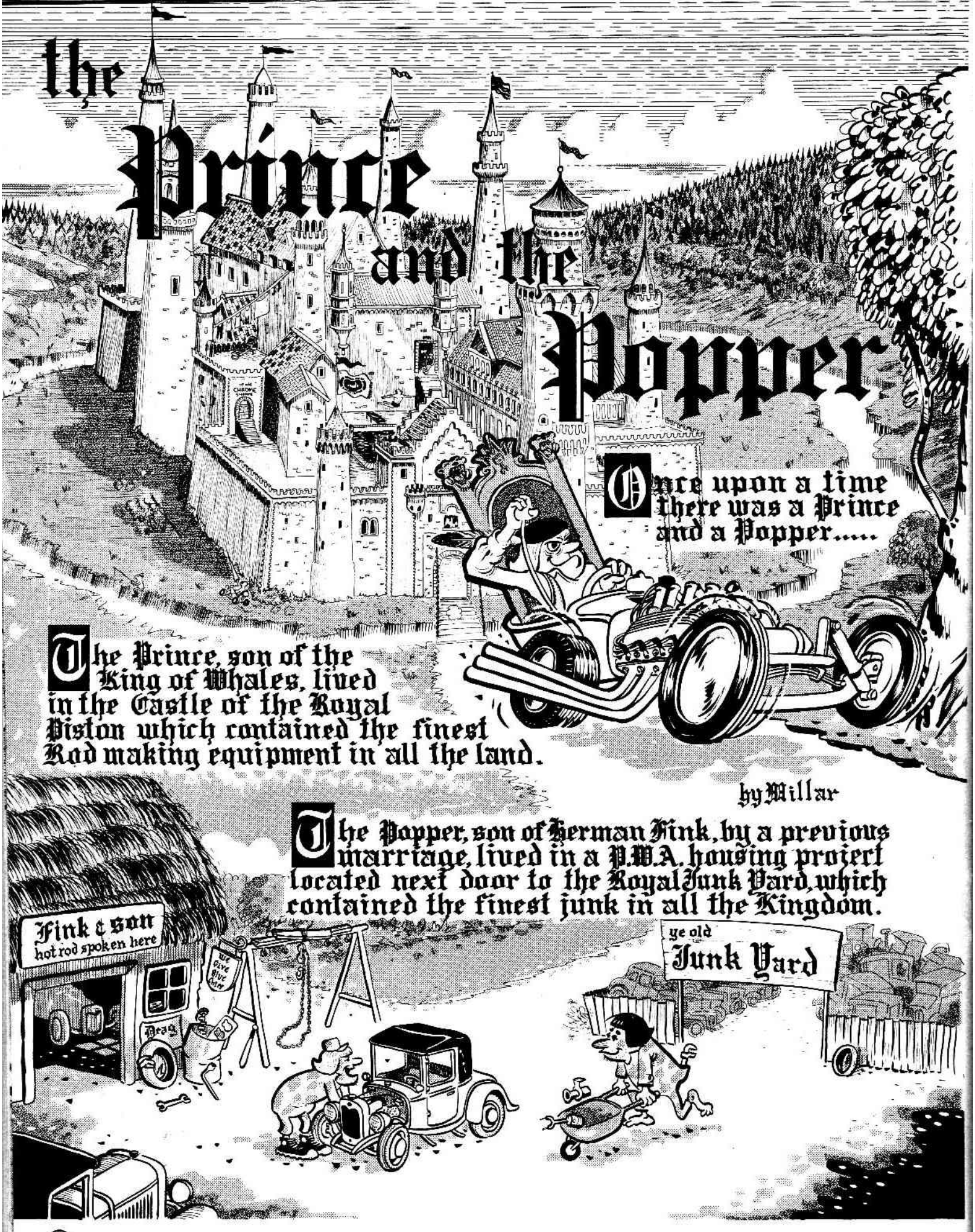
# the Prince and the Popper

Once upon a time there was a Prince and a Popper.....

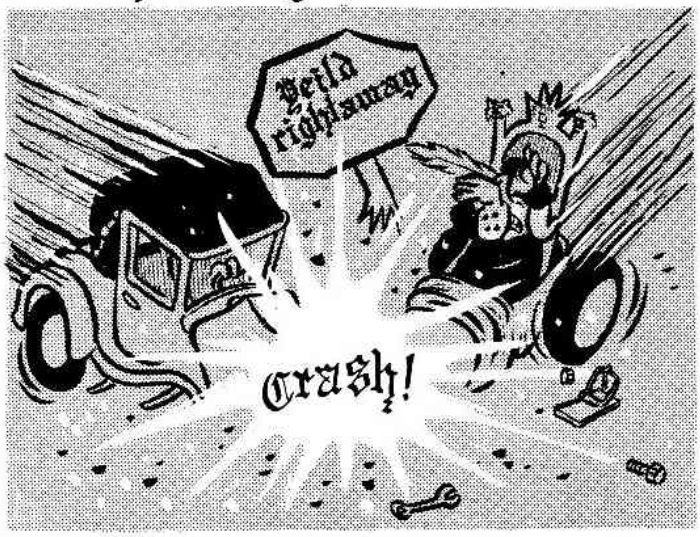
The Prince, son of the King of Whales, lived in the Castle of the Royal Piston which contained the finest Rod making equipment in all the land.

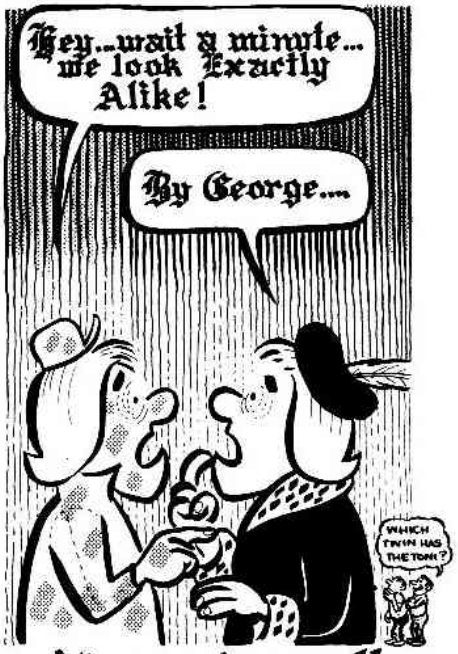
by Millar

The Popper, son of Herman Fink, by a previous marriage, lived in a P.W.A. housing project located next door to the Royal Junk Yard, which contained the finest junk in all the Kingdom.

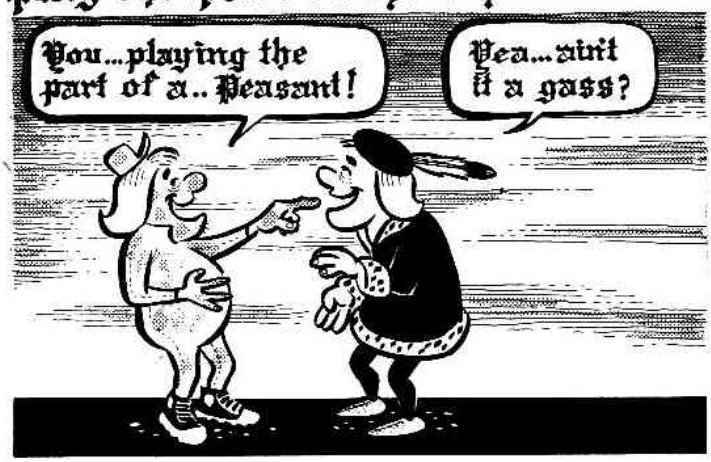


One day the Prince and the Popper ran into each other.... by accident!

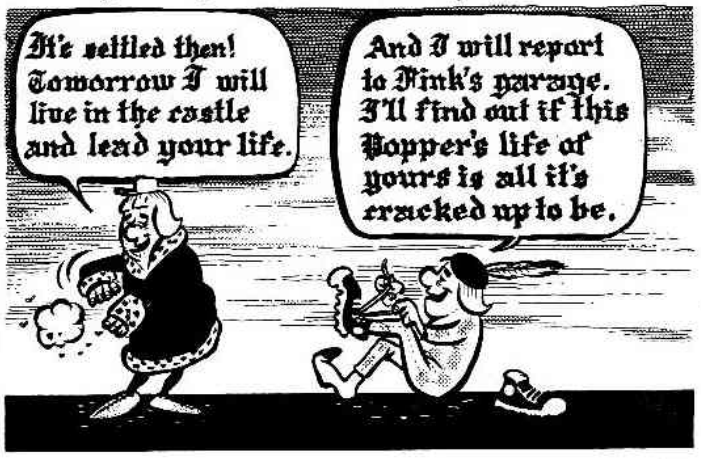




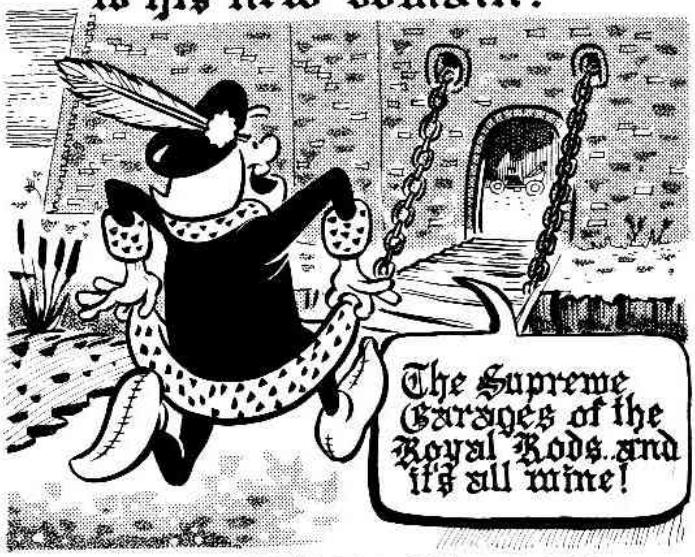

After getting better acquainted the Prince and the Popper began wondering what it would be like to exchange places and each play the part of the other.....

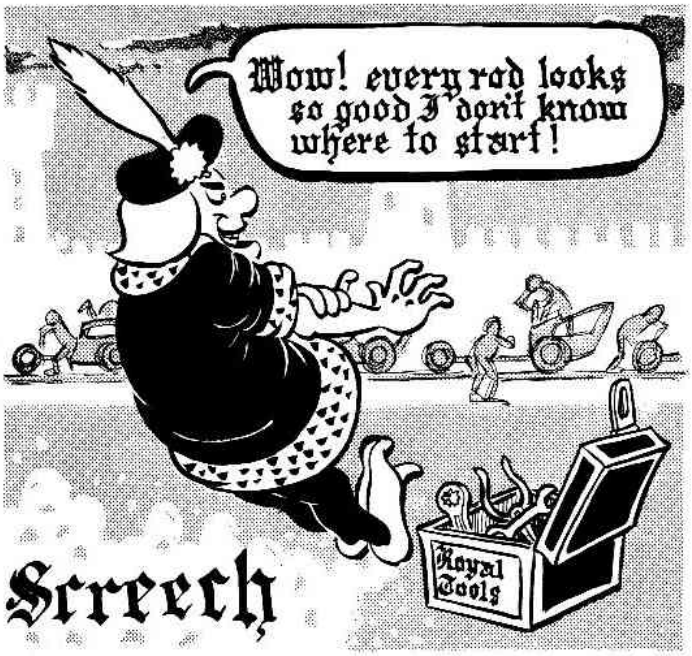


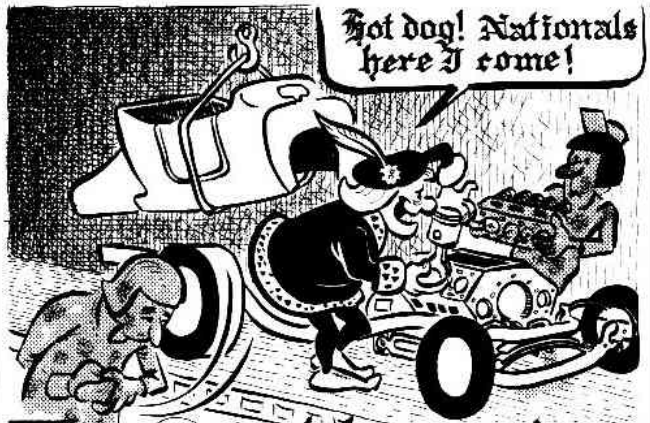

After a long discussion on the subject, they finally agreed that they would impersonate each other...and get a good look at the other side of the fence.



On the first day of the exchange, the popper couldn't wait to get to his new domain.



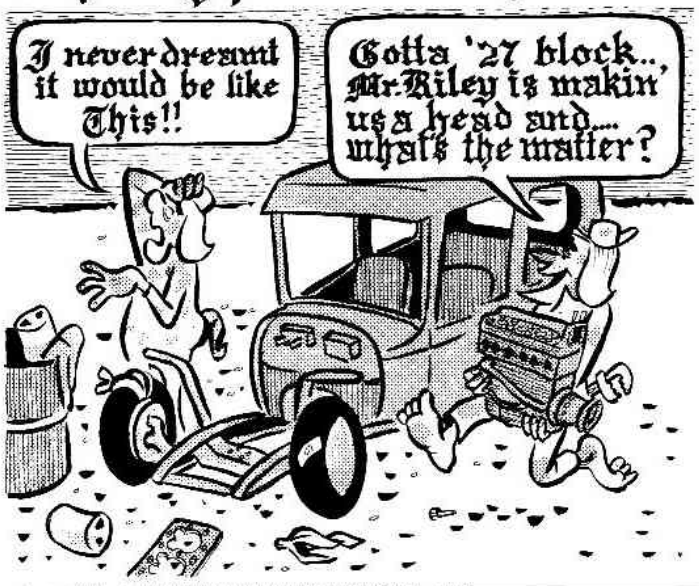


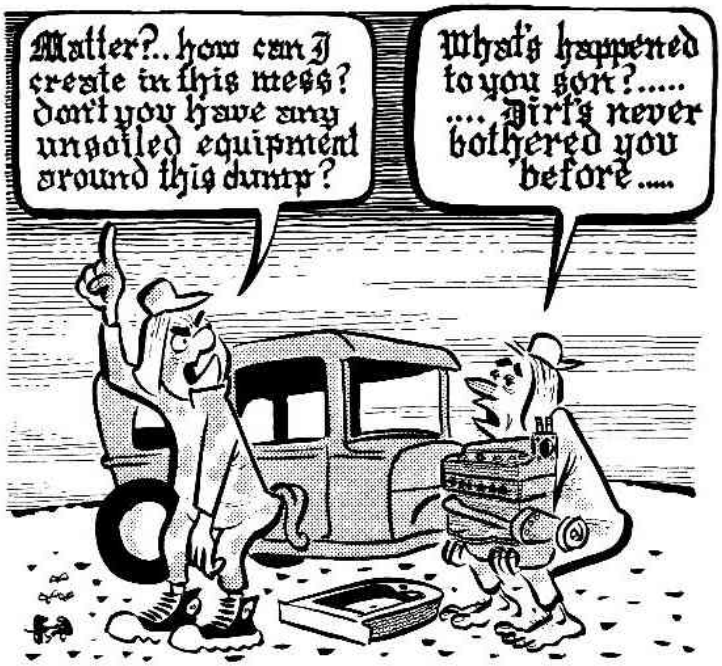

He immediately jumped in and began tinkering with the expensive engines he had always dreamt about.

But..what good is it to have all these goodies if a guy can't throw a wrench to it?

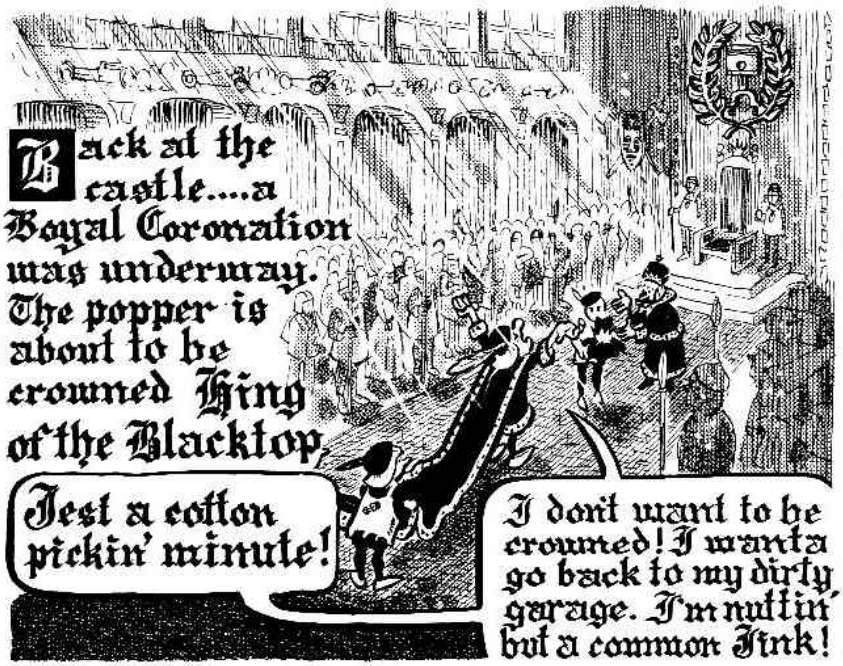
The popper's frustration mounted each day- only being able to watch the rods being put together, as persons with Royal Blood are not allowed to handle soiled equipment.

Meanwhile, the real Prince was having problems of his own.



Back at the castle....a Royal Coronation was underway. The popper is about to be crowned King of the Blacktop.

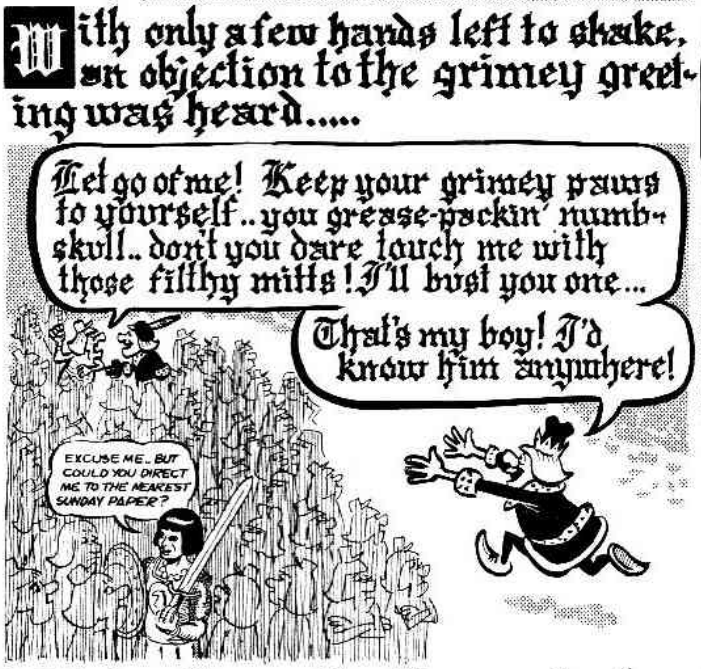



The popper is forced to tell the ex-King about meeting his double and how they switched positions.

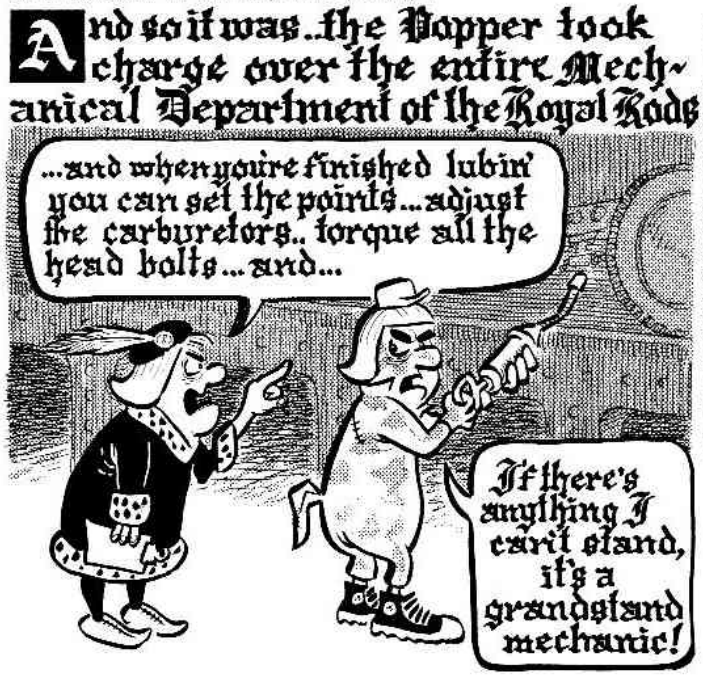
Sire.. there's a peasant at the gate.. claims he's the Prince.. shall I drive him away?
No! send him to me.. he's my son!
Papa. I've come home..
My son!!
But then.. who are they??
Father dear..... I have returned!
Leakin' Gaskets!! there must be fifty of them!
and they all look like your son!
..AND YOU SAY YOUR GROUP HAD 29% FEWER CAVITIES?
NO.. I SAID MY GROUP HAS 29% FEWER TEETH!
They are impostors.... I carry the Royal Seal, the only Golden Piston in the kingdom!
my real son!
hooray!
They are impostors, I carry the Royal Seal, the only Goldlen Piston in the...
huh?
oh no!
Sire... there is a solution to this mess.... I understand the Prince detests dirty things.... Now.. my plan is ...pssst.. pssst..

Your attention please... Now hear this.. One of my subjects would like to meet you all individually, to see if he can tell who the real Prince is..
Oh boy!
REALLY GRIPS THE ROAD, HUH?

And so with grease smitten hand, the Popper began greeting, row after row, of the Prince lookalikes.
Glad to meet cha.. ..I'm the real Prince
Glad to meet cha.. I'm the real Prince
COME ON PRINCE
ARF


With only a few hands left to shake, an objection to the grimey greeting was heard.....
Let go of me! Keep your grimey paws to yourself.. you grease-packin' numbskull.. don't you dare touch me with those filthy mitts! I'll bust you one...
That's my boy! I'd know him anywhere!
EXCUSE ME.. BUT COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE NEAREST SUNDAY PAPER?

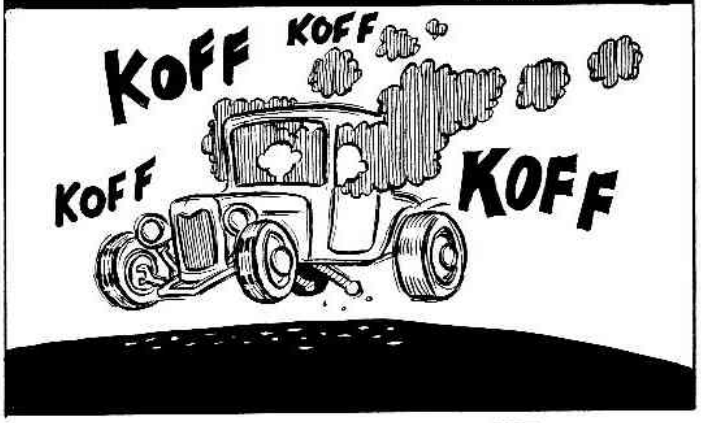
For finding my son... I'm Knighting you Head Mechanic of the Royal Roads.. where you can slop in the oil mess to your hearts content... stand up Sir Knightshift!
Oops... sorry ole' man....
Gee.. imagine me.. a Knightshift.. Golly, my first big break...

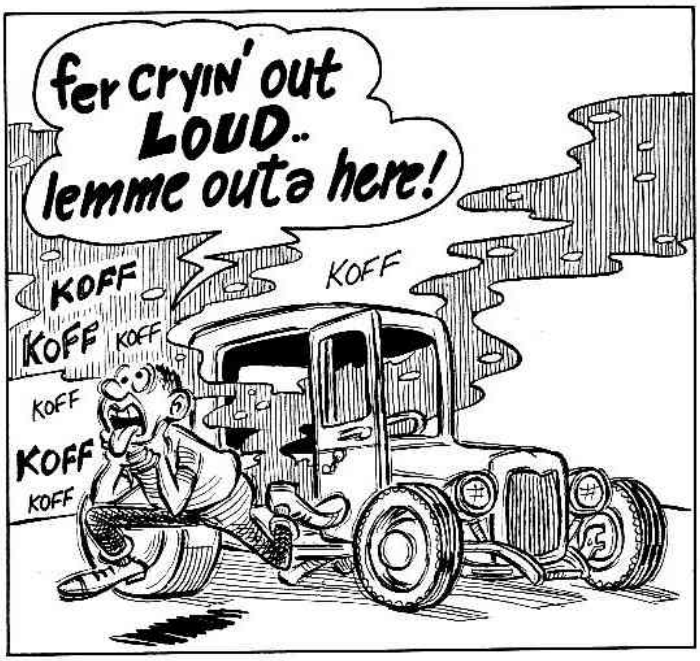

And so it was.. the Popper took charge over the entire Mechanical Department of the Royal Roads
...and when you're finished lubin' you can set the points... adjust the carburetors.. torque all the head bolts... and...
If there's anything I can't stand, it's a grandstand mechanic!

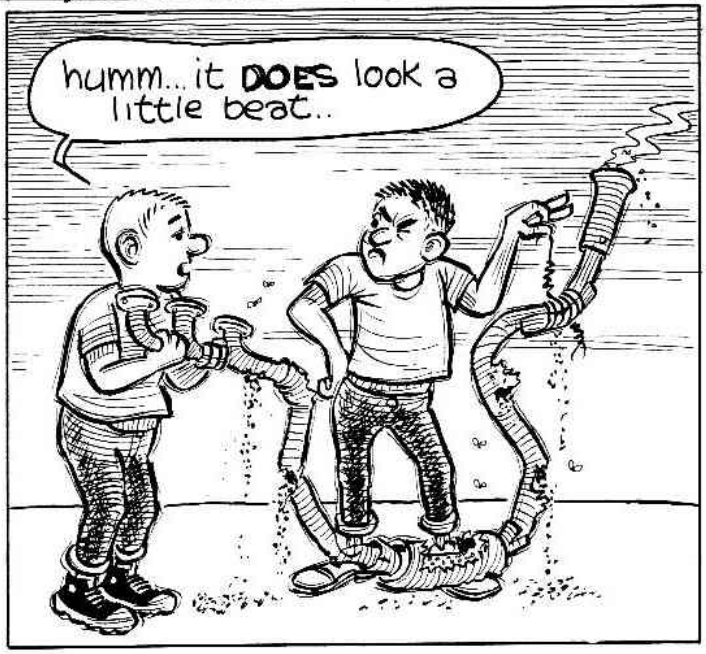
But like I said.... there's a solution to Every problem!
Whaaa

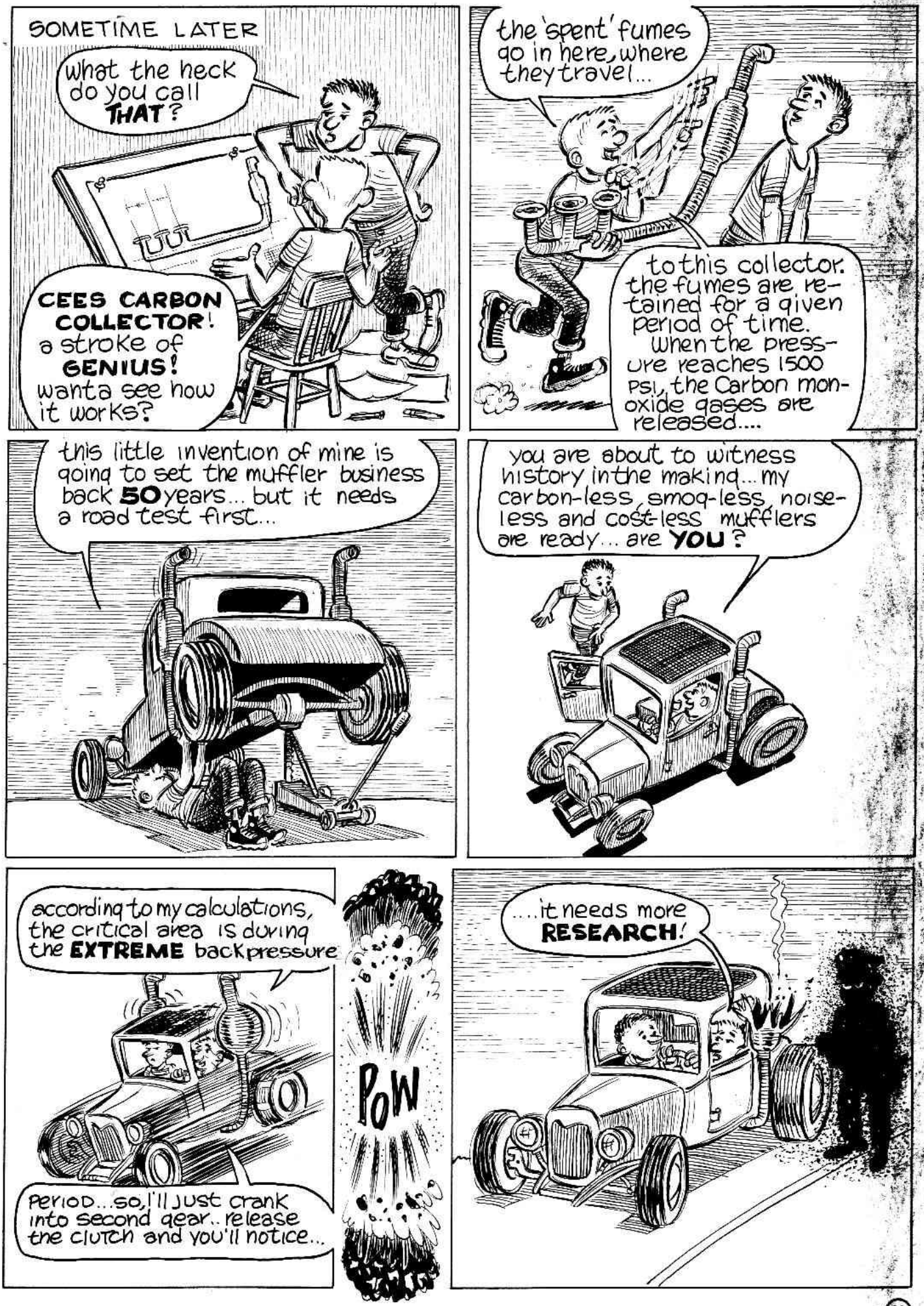
# ar:n Cee

by MILLAR



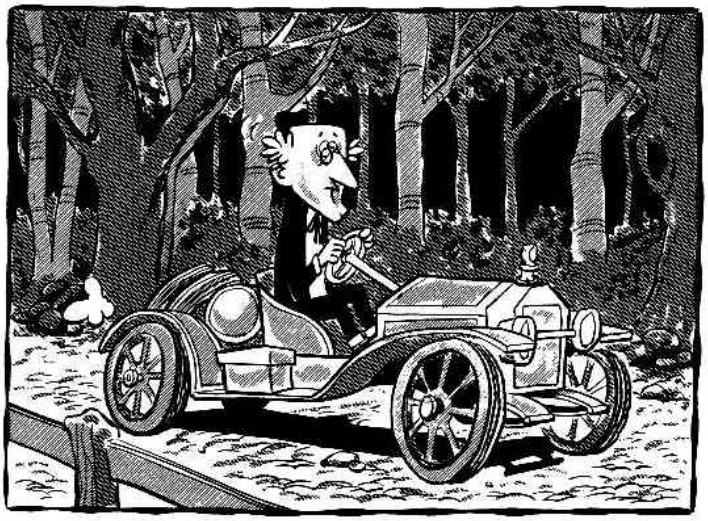



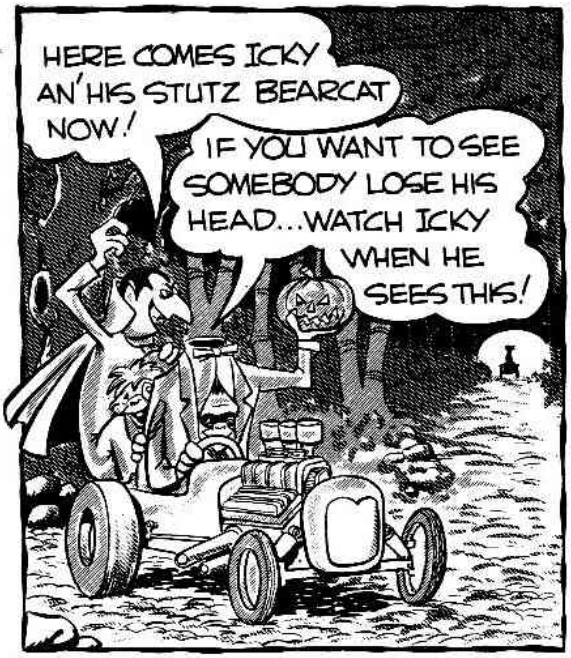



SOMETIME LATER
what the heck do you call THAT?
CEES CARBON COLLECTOR! a stroke of GENIUS! wanta see how it works?
the 'spent' fumes go in here, where they travel...
to this collector. the fumes are retained for a given period of time. When the pressure reaches 1500 psi, the Carbon monoxide gases are released....
this little invention of mine is going to set the muffler business back 50 years... but it needs a road test first...
you are about to witness history in the making... my carbon-less, smog-less, noise-less and cost-less mufflers are ready... are YOU?
according to my calculations, the critical area is during the EXTREME backpressure
POW
period...so, I'll just crank into second gear.. release the clutch and you'll notice...
....it needs more RESEARCH!

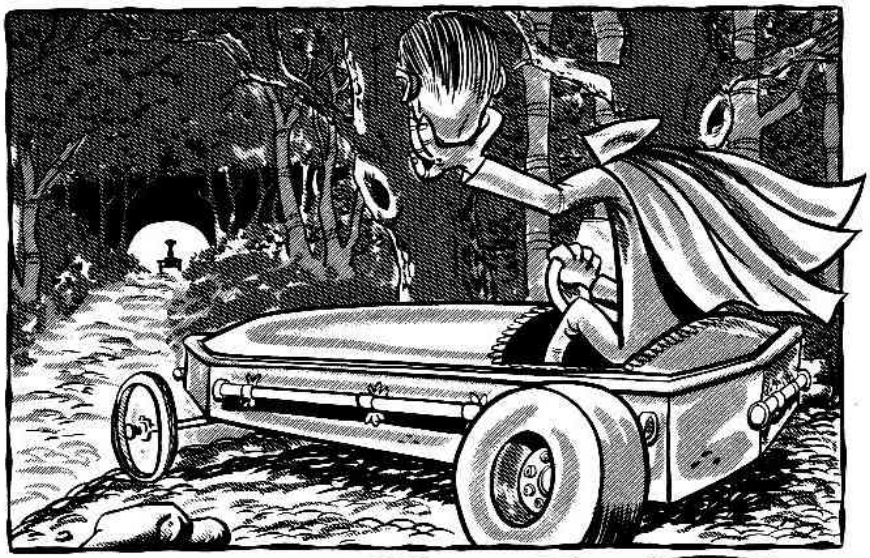
OUR STORY OPENS AS WE SEE ICHABOD CHROME, TH' LI'L OL' SCHOOL-MASTER, PUTTING DOWN HIS DISOBEDIENT STUDENTS...

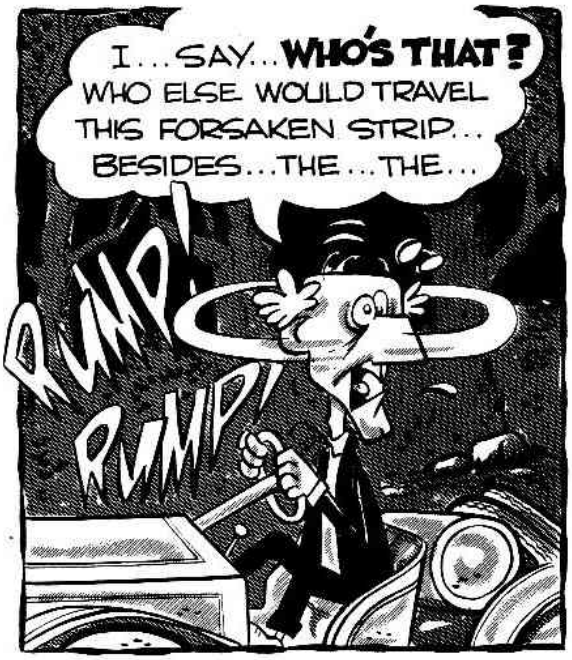
IT WAS NEAR MIDNIGHT BY THE TIME ICHABOD HAD FINISHED CORRECTING PAPERS AND STARTED FOR HOME...



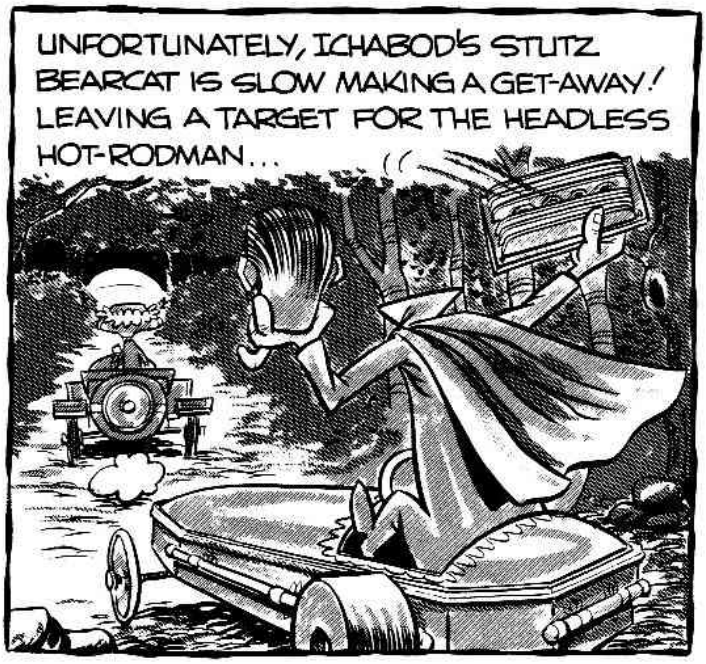



UNKNOWN TO OUR CONSPIRING TRIO, ANOTHER FIGURE WATCHES ADVANCING ICHABOD CHROME.

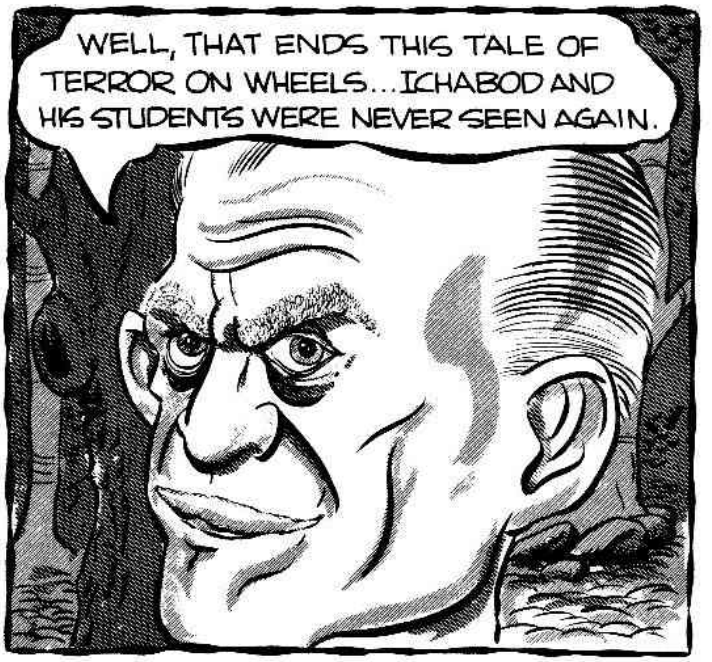


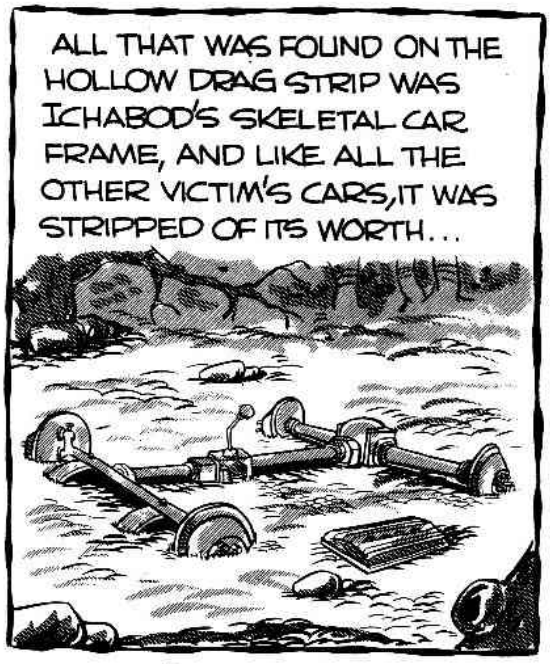


THAT HEAD-LOOSE LEGEND IS ALIVE! FLOOR IT, FRANK! WE'VE BEEN FOG-WOGGLED... WHATEVER THAT MEANS!


UNFORTUNATELY, ICHABOD'S STUTZ BEARCAT IS SLOW MAKING A GET-AWAY! LEAVING A TARGET FOR THE HEADLESS HOT-RODMAN...

...AND AS THE LEGEND WOULD HAVE IT... ICHABOD IS CLOBBERED BY A HEAD THROWN BY THE HEADLESS RODDER.
BONG!


WELL, THAT ENDS THIS TALE OF TERROR ON WHEELS... ICHABOD AND HIS STUDENTS WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN.


ALL THAT WAS FOUND ON THE HOLLOW DRAG STRIP WAS ICHABOD'S SKELETAL CAR FRAME, AND LIKE ALL THE OTHER VICTIM'S CARS, IT WAS STRIPPED OF ITS WORTH...

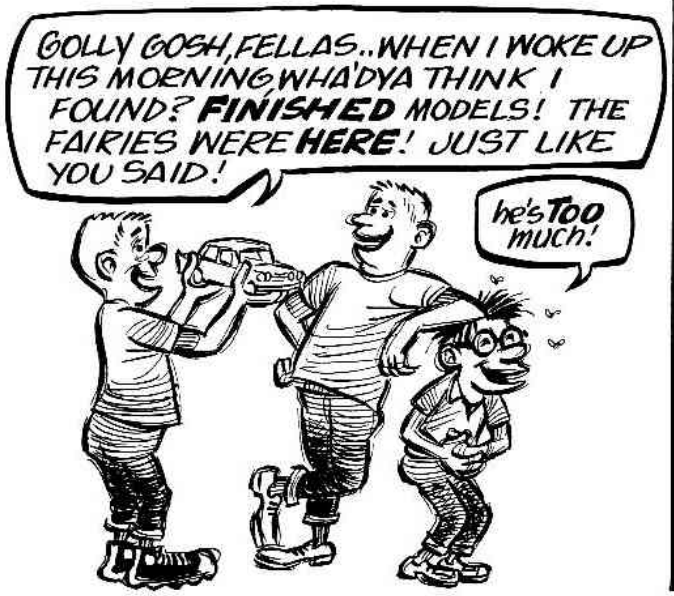
...OH! BY THE WAY... COULD ANYBODY USE A KEEN SET OF STUTZ BEARCAT HUBCAPS?
MOORE

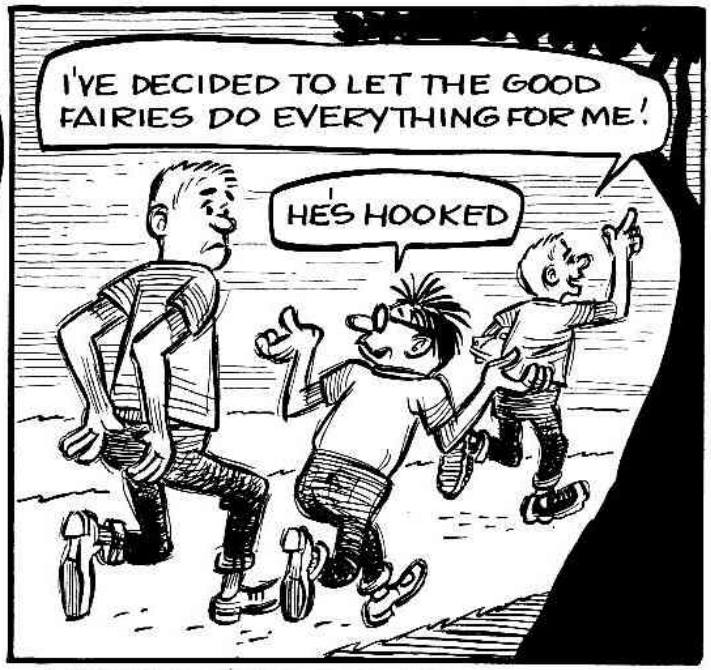
ar:n Cee
by MILLAR
BOY! THIS IS TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT...
HEY MAN... YOU'RE DOIN' IT THE HARD WAY..
YOU MEAN THERE'S ANOTHER WAY?
JAGUAR JOW
MOTHER
YEA.. LET THE 'LITTLE PEOPLE' PUT 'EM TOGETHER FOR YA...
LITTLE PEOPLE... I DON'T UNDERSTAND
YOU KNOW... FAIRIES!
FAIRIES?
OH!.. I DIG!.. LIKE IN 'FOLK TALES' AND ALL..
YEA, THAT'S THE TICKET!
THEY REPAIR OLD SHOES FOR THE WEARY OLE COBBLER, AFTER HE PUTS A BOWL OF MILK OUTSIDE THE DOOR
YEA... THEM'S THE CATS...
later that night
BETWEEN YOU 'N ME IT SEEMS awful UNLIKELY. BUT THEY SOUND SO SINCERE..
TIGER
QUIET NOW..
BOY.. IS THIS GUY LAME!
TIGER
COME ON! SHAKE A LEG... WE GOTTA FINISH BEFORE HE WAKES UP!
NEXT TIME YOU DRINK THIS JAZZ!

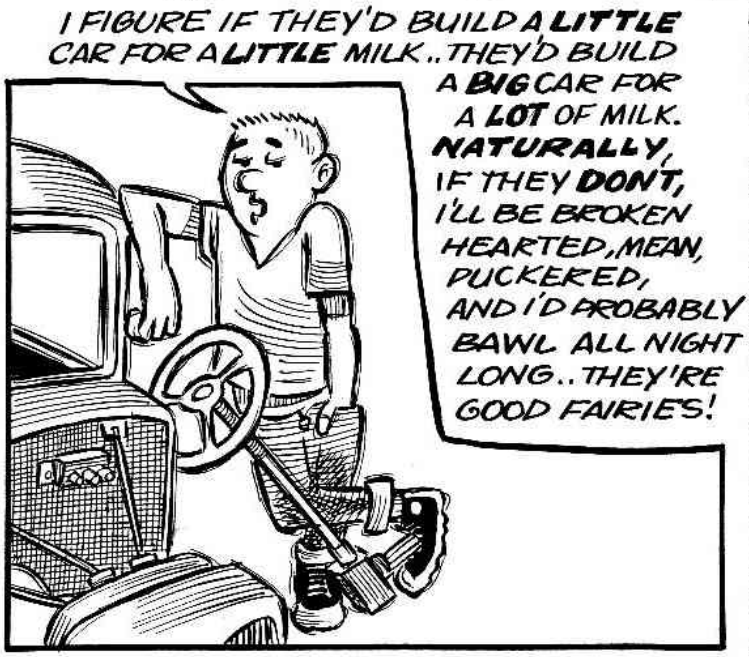
WHY, THOSE DIRTY BIRDS.. PUTTIN' ME ON LIKE THAT!

AND TO THINK I'M THE KINDA GUY THAT BELIEVES IN SANTA CLAUS, FAIRY TALES AND ALL THAT JAZZ !..
..BUT, IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT A GOOD THING GOIN', IF I PLAY IT DUMB.

the next **A.M.**

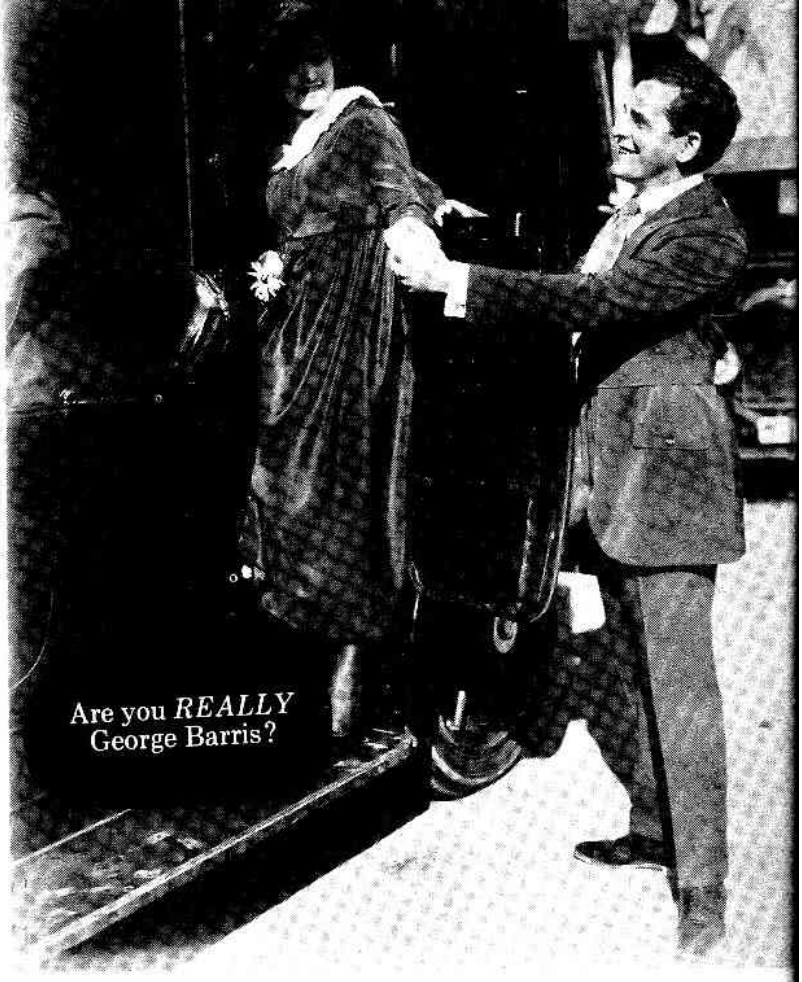

GOLLY GOSH, FELLAS.. WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING, WHA'DYA THINK I FOUND? FINISHED MODELS! THE FAIRIES WERE HERE! JUST LIKE YOU SAID!
he's TOO much!

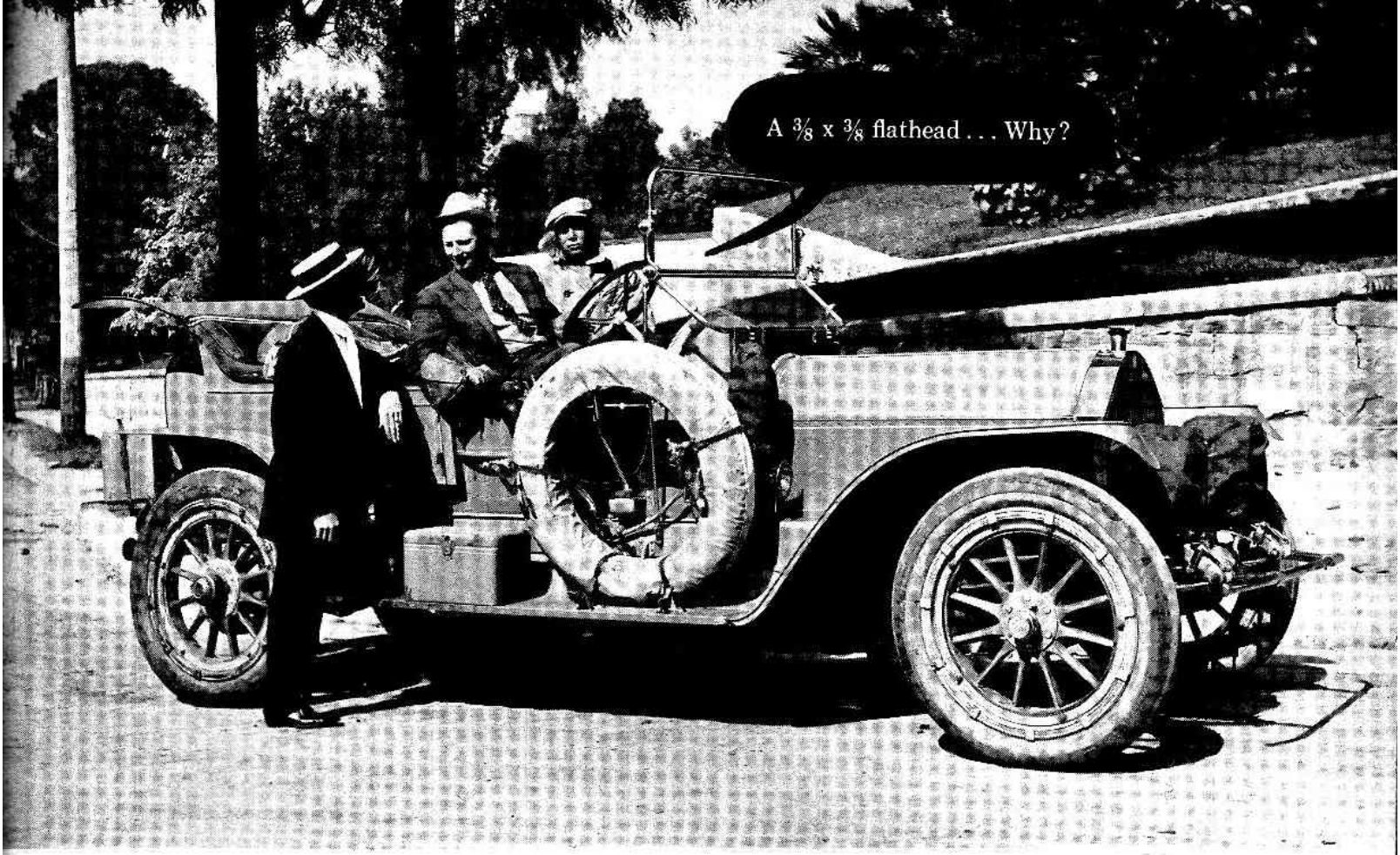

I'VE DECIDED TO LET THE GOOD FAIRIES DO EVERYTHING FOR ME!
HE'S HOOKED


I FIGURE IF THEY'D BUILD A LITTLE CAR FOR A LITTLE MILK.. THEY'D BUILD A BIG CAR FOR A LOT OF MILK. NATURALLY, IF THEY DONT, I'LL BE BROKEN HEARTED, MEAN, PUCKERED, AND I'D PROBABLY BAWL ALL NIGHT LONG.. THEY'RE GOOD FAIRIES!

I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR LITTLE JOKE?
HIM AND HIS FAIRIES!

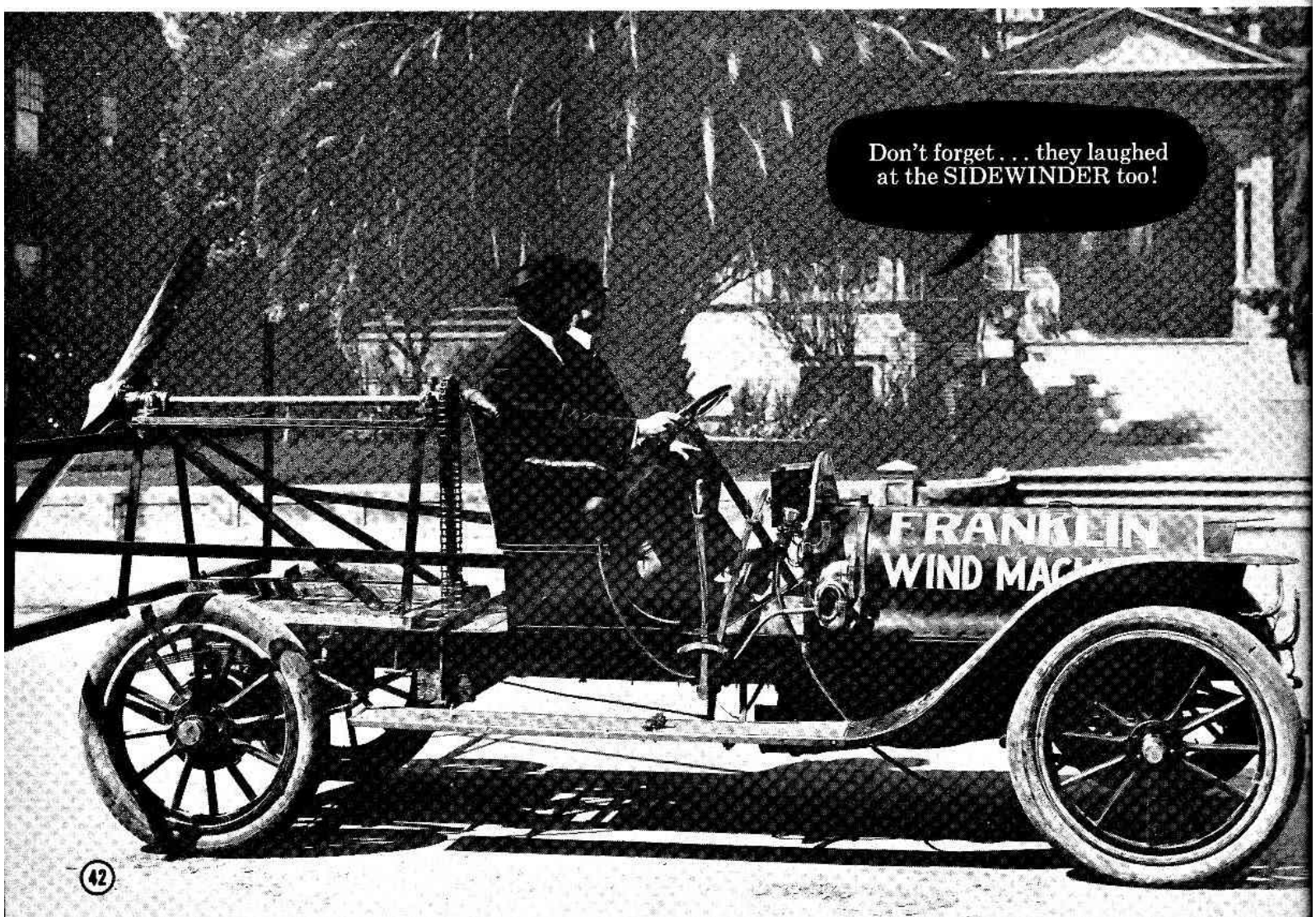
# CAR 'toons presents the FOTO FUNNIES



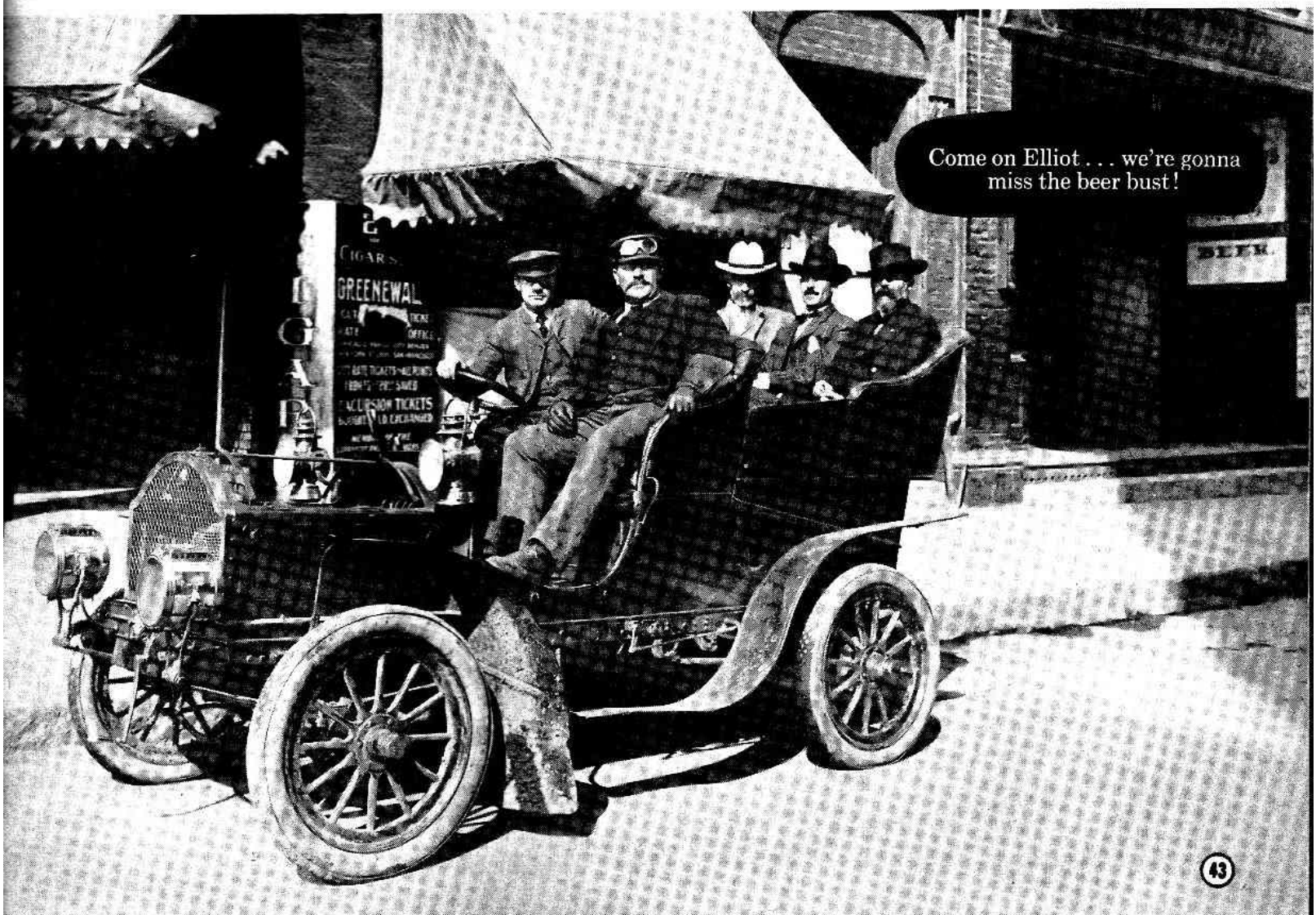

A 3/8 x 3/8 flathead . . . Why?

Hey you!! get away from that tire before I call the cops!
ULSA

. . . and leave the driving to us.

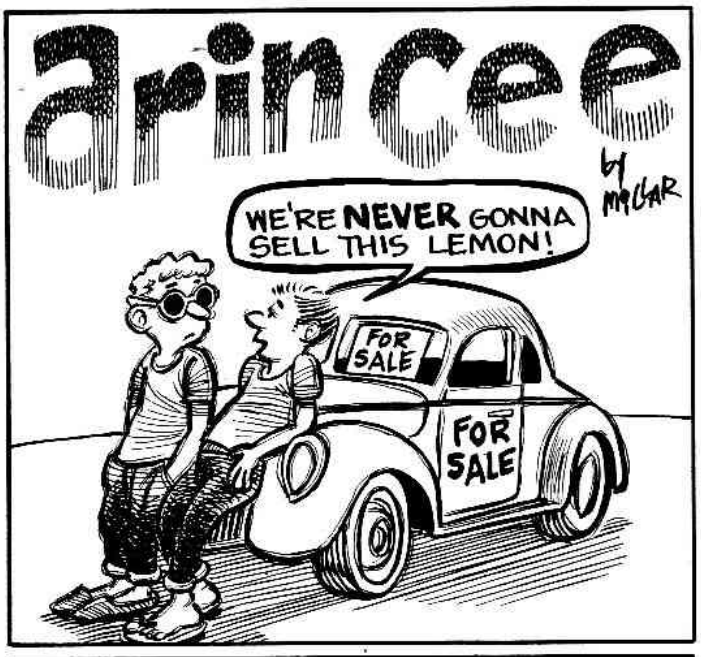

Don't forget . . . they laughed at the SIDEWINDER too!
FRANKLIN
WIND MA

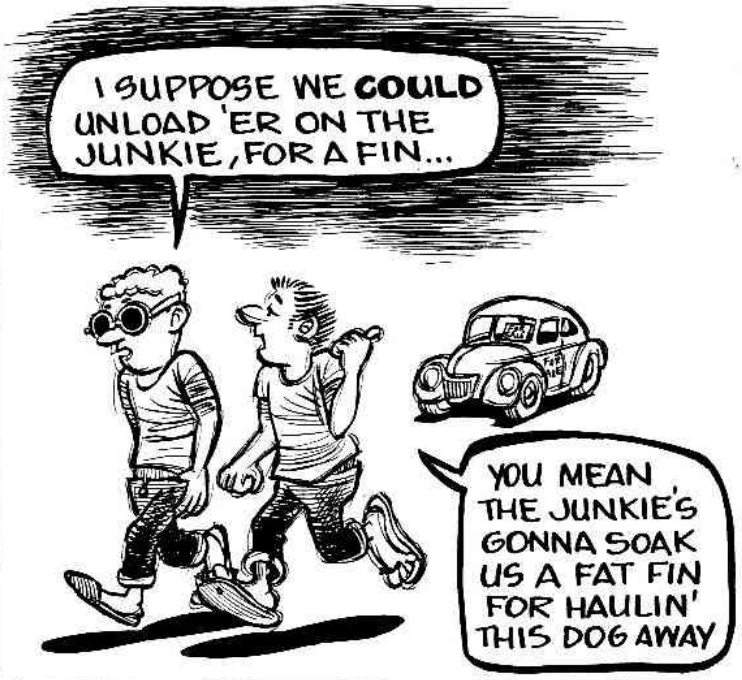
Excuse me . . . but could you direct me to the Bonneville speed flats . . .

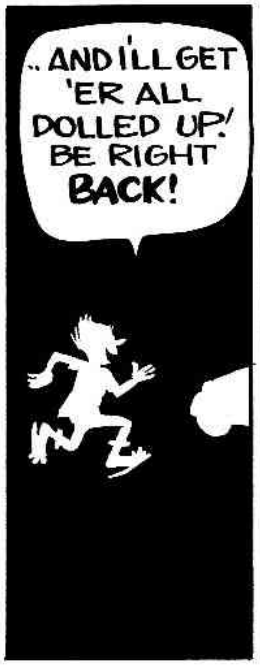

Come on Elliot . . . we're gonna miss the beer bust!
CIGARS
GREENEWAL
GATE TICKETS
TICKET OFFICE
GATE TICKETS-MEETINGS
ADMISSION TICKETS

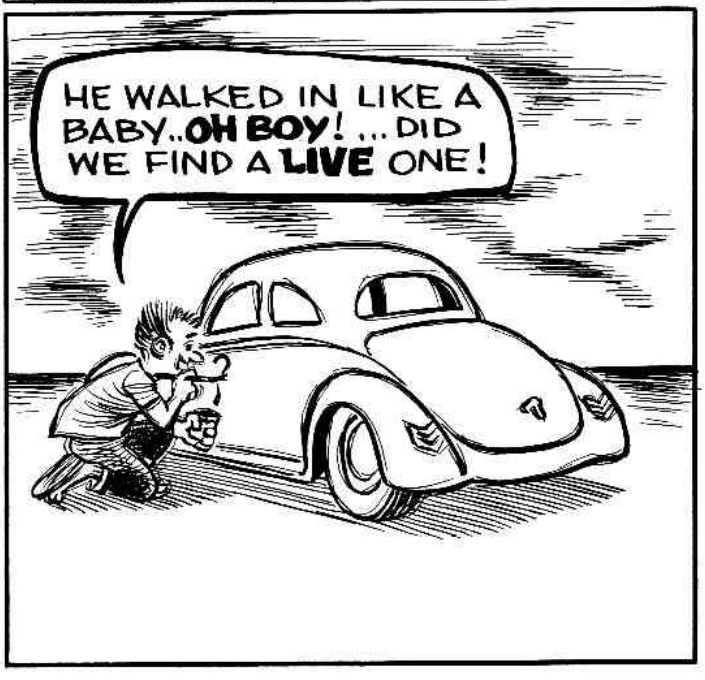
# arincee

by MACAR



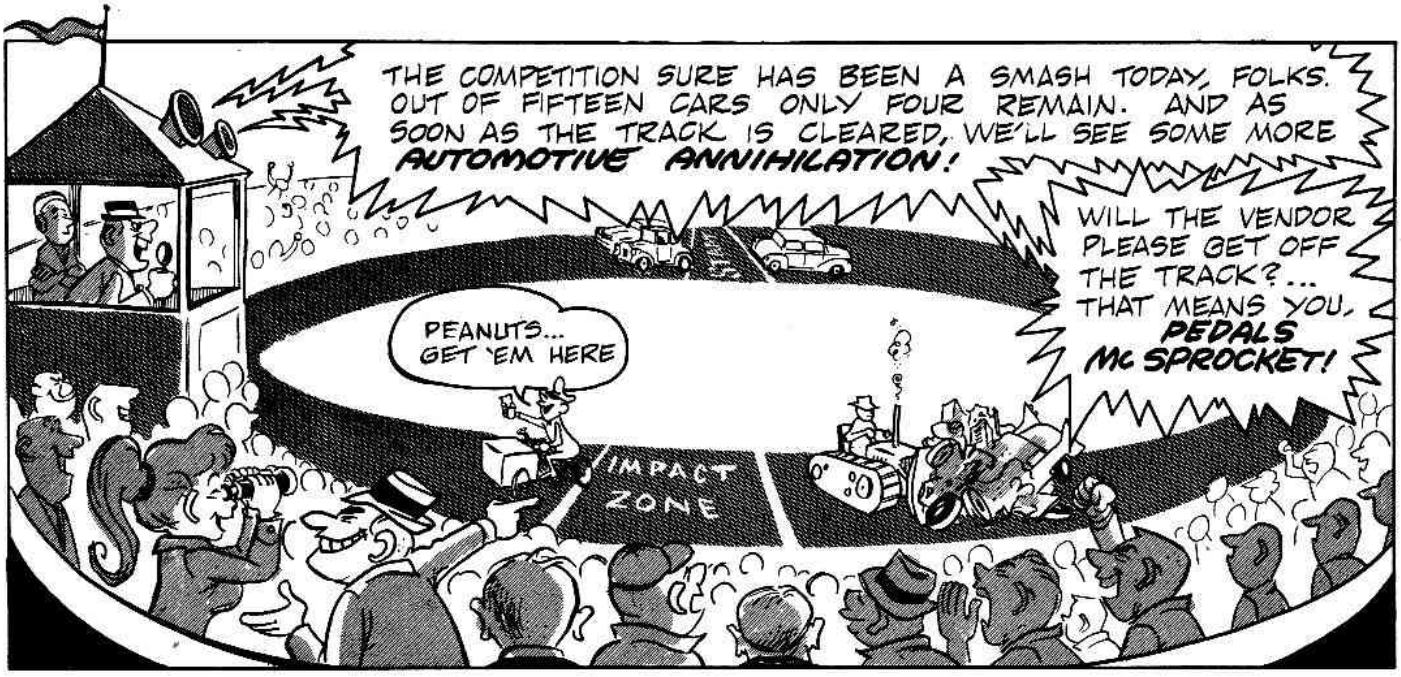


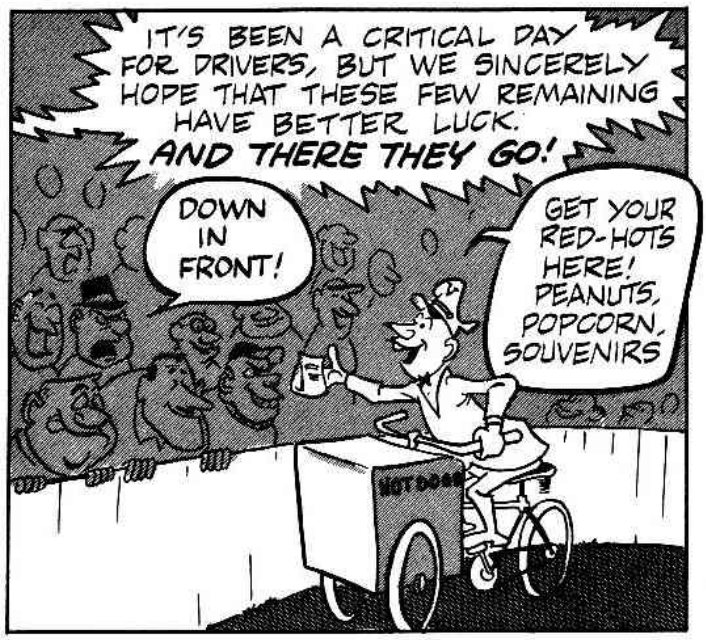



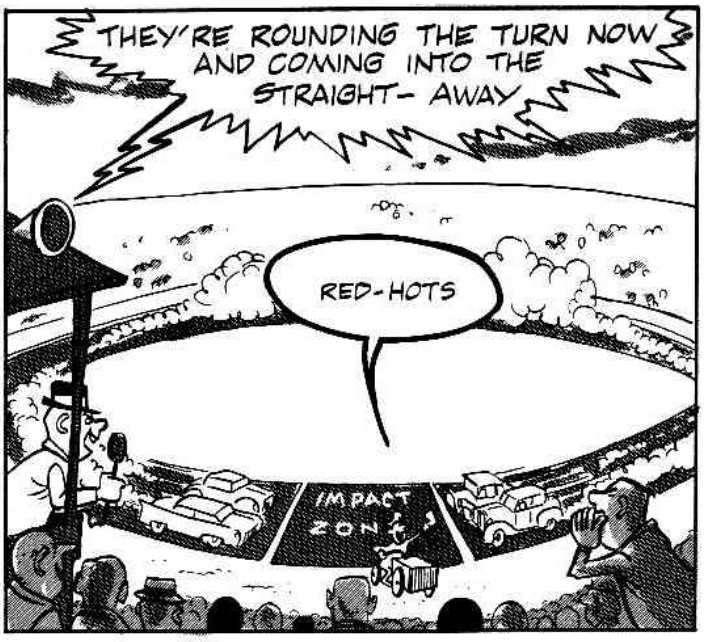
A CLASS NUMBER AND A FEW DECALS TO CINCH THE DEAL... NOW TO DIG UP A TIRED '8'
Offenhauser
THIS OUGHTA PULL THE CAN OFF THE LOT...
THERE IT IS.. AIN'T SHE A BEAUTY?
WOW! LOOKIT ALL THE DECALS.. AND THE 'DRAG' NUMBER
HI, CITIZEN, SHE'S HOT TO TROT!
SAY.. THIS ENGINE DOES SOUND HOT! WHAT'S IT GOT IN IT?
DIDN'TCHA SEE THE DECALS?
YA KNOW, THAT ENGINE DOES SOUND TOUGH.. WHERE'D YA GIT IT?
RUMP RUMP RUMP
IT WAS THAT TIRED 59-A I HAD IN MY CLOSET! LOOKIT THIS BREAD! NOW WE CAN FINISH OUR DRAGSTER! BOY, WHATA LIVE ONE!
YOUR CLOSET? BUT ISN'T THAT WHERE WE PUT OUR.....
WAPP WAPP
DRAGSTER ENGINE?
WE'VE BEEN HAD!
ARIN'S DONE IT!
WHERE'D HE GET THAT BOMB?
I HEAR HE FOUND A COUPLEA FISHES!
BROKE ANOTHER RECORD!
WHATA DIRTY GUY.. TAKIN' ADVANTAGE OF KIDS LIKE US!
YEA... DIRTY GUY!

FROM AUTO RACING'S MOST DANGEROUS EVENT, WE'VE ADDED A NEW ELEMENT OF THRILL. FOR THE DRIVER IT MEANS MEETING HIS COMPETITION, **HEAD-ON**, AND FOR THE SPECTATOR IT MEANS CRASH A MINUTE ENTERTAINMENT AT ITS WORST... **YES, FANS, IT'S...**

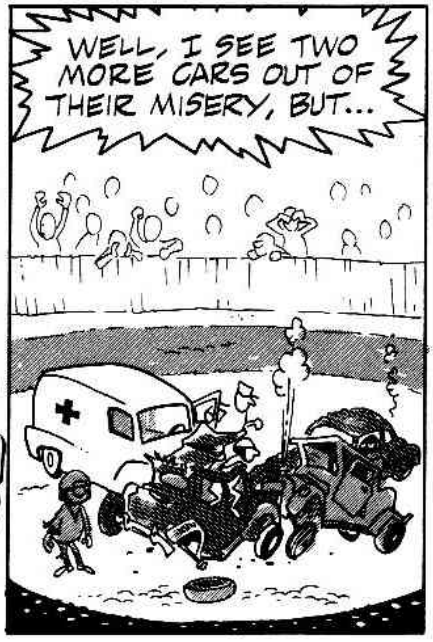
# DESTRUCTION DERBY



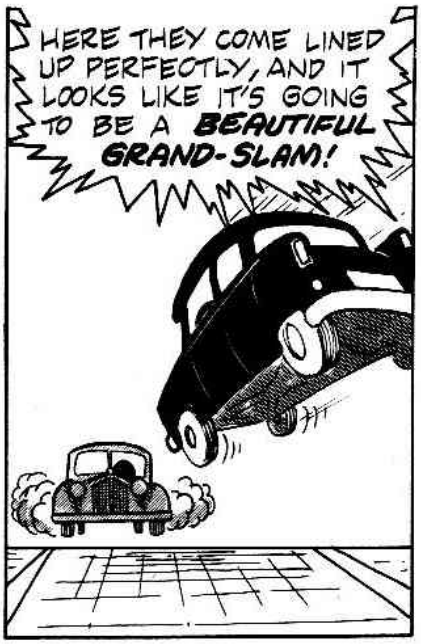

IT'S BEEN A CRITICAL DAY FOR DRIVERS, BUT WE SINCERELY HOPE THAT THESE FEW REMAINING HAVE BETTER LUCK.
AND THERE THEY GO!
DOWN IN FRONT!
GET YOUR RED-HOTS HERE! PEANUTS, POPCORN, SOUVENIRS
HOT DOGS

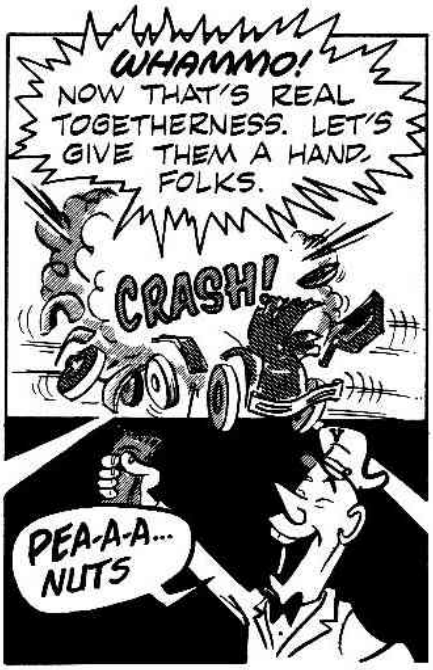

THEY'RE ROUNDING THE TURN NOW AND COMING INTO THE STRAIGHT- AWAY
RED-HOTS
IMPACT ZONE

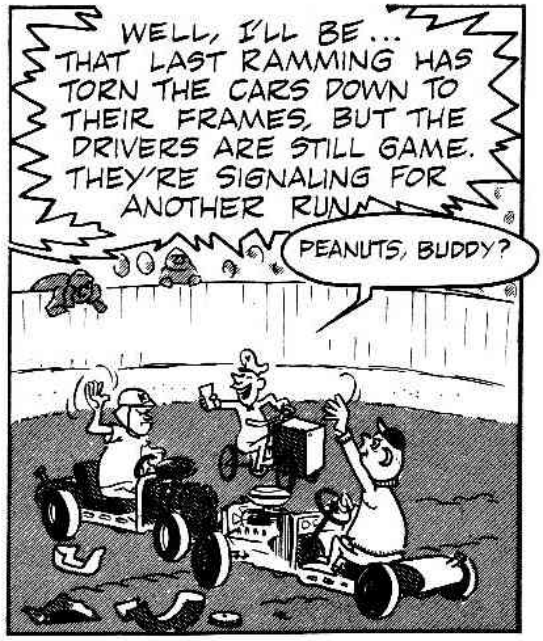
WHAMMO!
THAT'S WHAT YA CALL A 'DO-IT-YOURSELF COMPACT CAR.
IMPACT ZONE


WELL, I SEE TWO MORE CARS OUT OF THEIR MISERY, BUT...

...THE TWO REMAINING DRIVERS, CRASH CONNORS IN THE '48 KAISER AND KID KOLLISION IN THE '38 LA SALLE, ARE A COUPLE OF REAL DIE-HARDS. THEY'RE LINING UP FOR ANOTHER RUN NOW.
SPROCKETS... WILL YOU GET OFF THE TRACK?
PEANUTS POPCORN


HERE THEY COME LINED UP PERFECTLY, AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE A BEAUTIFUL GRAND-SLAM!


WHAMMO!
NOW THAT'S REAL TOGETHERNESS. LET'S GIVE THEM A HAND, FOLKS.
CRASH!
PEA-A-A... NUTS


WELL, I'LL BE... THAT LAST RAMMING HAS TORN THE CARS DOWN TO THEIR FRAMES, BUT THE DRIVERS ARE STILL GAME. THEY'RE SIGNALING FOR ANOTHER RUN.
PEANUTS, BUDDY?

THIS SHOULD BE THE FINALE, FOLKS! WILL IT BE A HIT OR A MISS?
... IT'S NEITHER ONE. IT'S A MESS!
CLONK!
I'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH THE JUDGES, BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE TWO WINNERS. YES, FOLKS, THIS DERBY'S A DRAW, BETWEEN KID KOLLISION AND CRASH CONNORS.
POP POP POP POP POP
RRRROAR!
IMPACT ZONE
IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN'T STAND IT'S TWO WINNERS.
I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT, BUT WHO DO YA HAVE IN MIND?
WOULD YOU CARE TO TAKE A GUESS?
LAST CALL FOR RED-HOTS.
KLANG!
GOOPIES
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING SO GREEDY, BUT I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH YOU YET.
WHY DON'T WE CALL IT A DAY, CONNORS? THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH BLOODSHED ALREADY AND THE CROWD DOESN'T WANT TO SEE ANYMORE...
DO YOU... FOLKS?

SORRY, BUDDY-BOY, BUT THE CROWD HAS DRIVEN ME TO DRIVE YOU INTO THE GROUND.
bop!
Bop

TALK ABOUT MIRACULOUS LUCK. CONNORS IS SHOWING US HE'S COME THROUGH THIS DEATH DEFYING DERBY WITHOUT AS MUCH AS A SCRATCH... LET'S HEAR IT FOR HIM, FOLKS.
HEY, VENDER! HOW ABOUT SOME POPCORN OVER HERE?

WELL... IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE ONE WINNER AFTER-ALL, FOLKS. LET'S HEAR IT FOR A REAL WINNER AND A PRINCE OF A GOOD FELLA...

HOT-DOG

GASP!
GASP!
GASP!

The End
... PEDALS MC SPROCKET?
HOT DOGS

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